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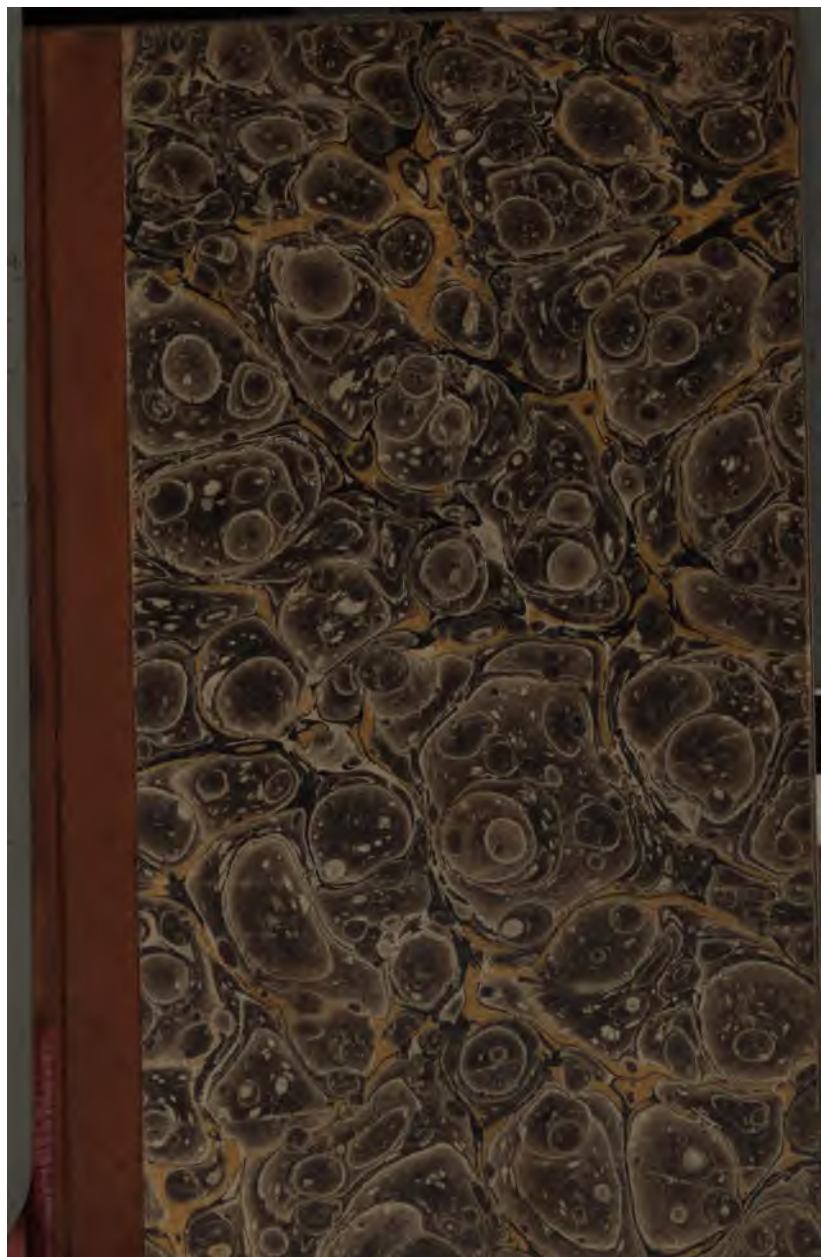
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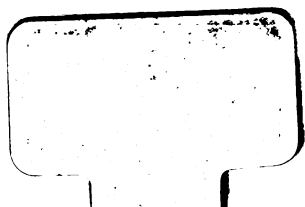
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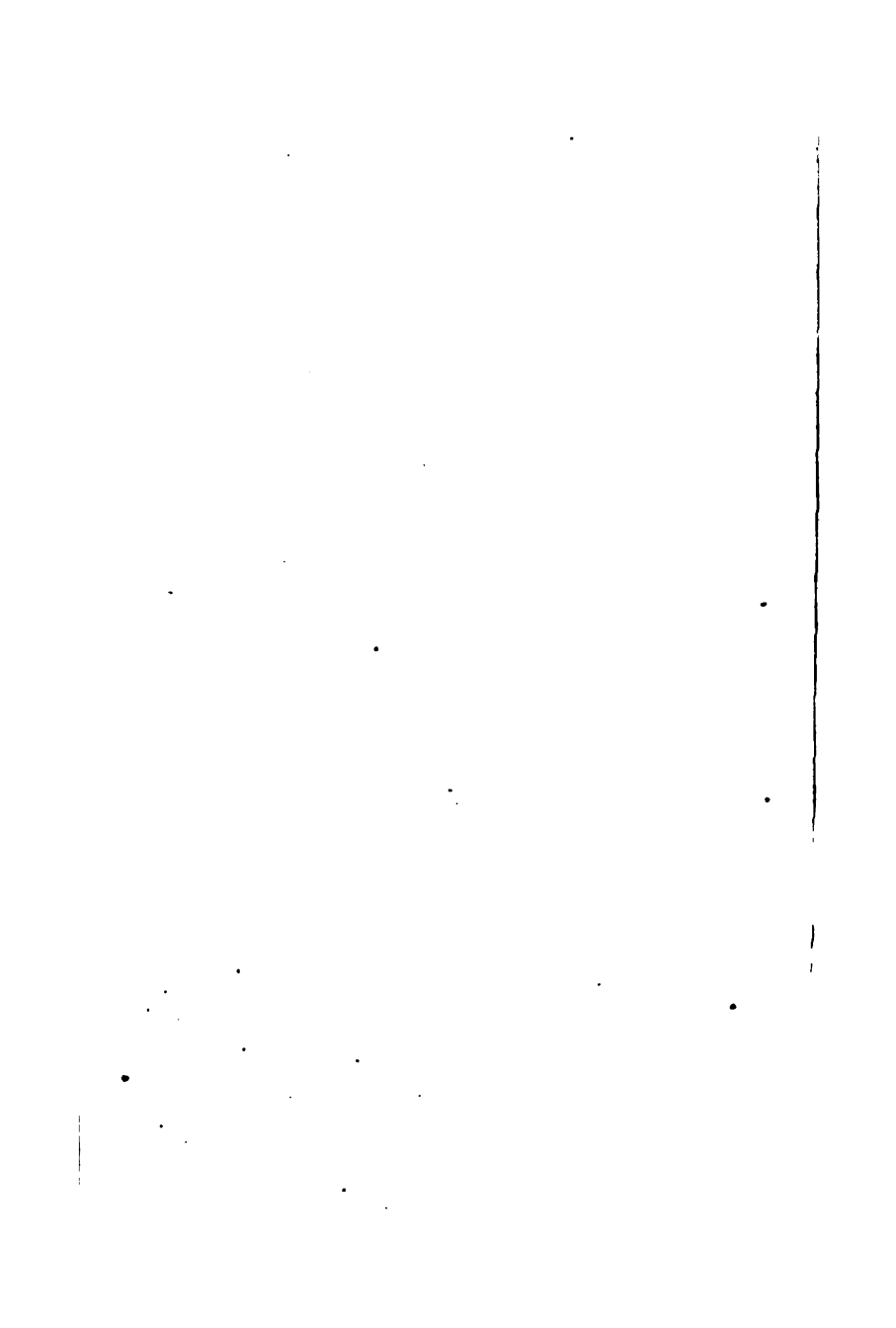
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A

MONTH IN PORTUGAL.



BY THE

REV. JOSEPH OLDKNOW, M.A.,

OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

PERPETUAL CURATE OF HOLY TRINITY CHAPEL, BORDESLEY,

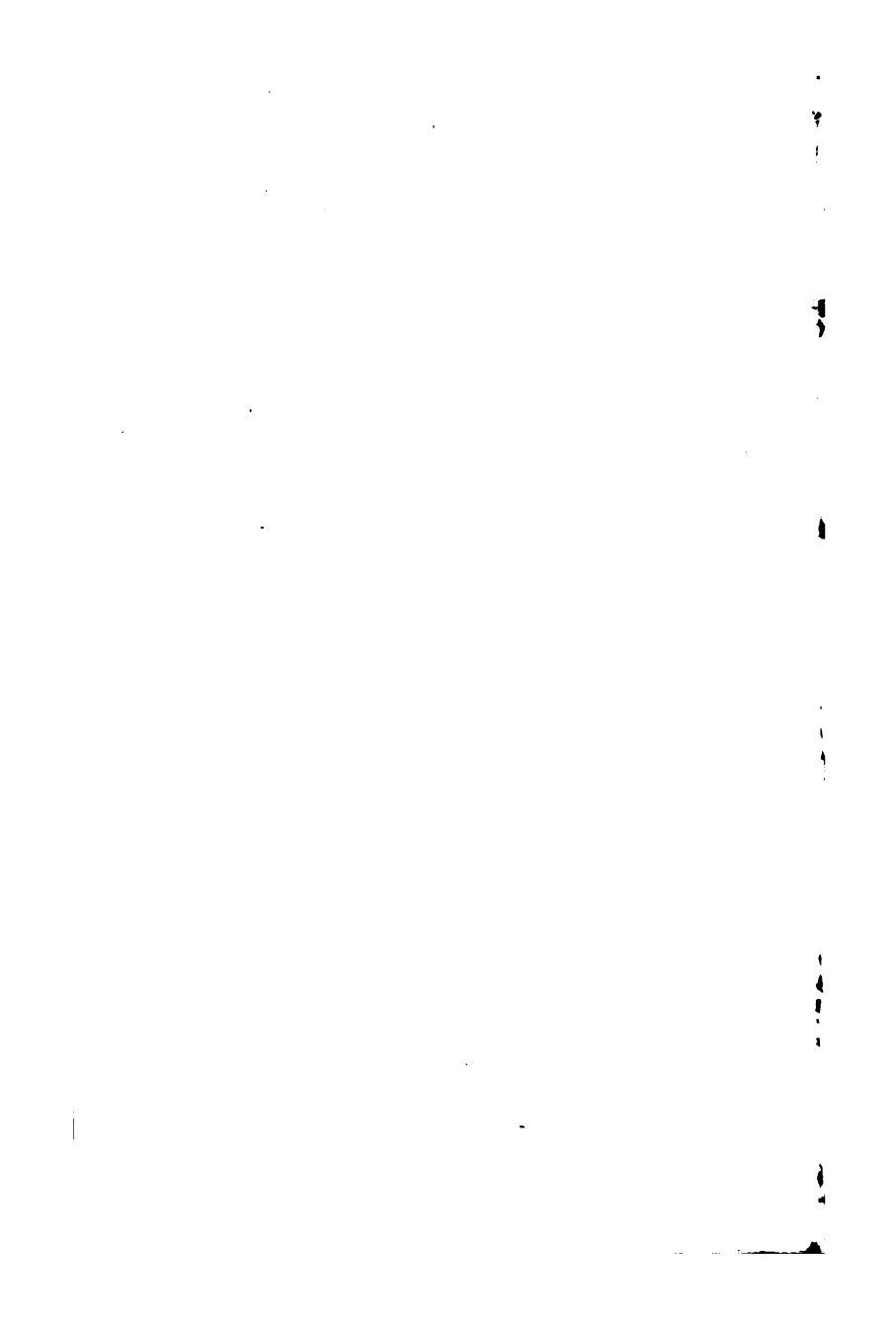
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P R E F A C E.

PORTUGAL, with the exception of the cities of Lisbon and Oporto, is a country so little visited by Englishmen, that I have thought a brief account of a month's excursion, during which no inconsiderable portion of it was passed over, would be not unlikely to interest at least a few of those, who, without being devoted to studious pursuits, are in the habit of taking up a book in order to improve or beguile a vacant hour. I have accordingly endeavoured to put plainly and simply before the reader, every thing I saw or met with, which would tend to make him acquainted with either the aspect of the country, or the state and character of the people; and for any statement not made from personal knowledge, I have usually mentioned the nature of my authority. As a priest, I naturally felt peculiarly interested in the condition of the Portuguese Church, and whatever information I could obtain at all bearing upon it, will be found in these pages.

I am aware that the time of my tour was too short, and my opportunities of observation too limited, to justify me in forming any decided opinion on many topics which usually engage the attention of travellers; and moreover, that I laboured under a great disadvantage in being ignorant of the language: but these deficiencies were in some measure made up by the experience and acquire-

ments of my fellow-traveller, the REV. J. M. NEALE, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, who had not only visited the country before, but, in addition to his other eminent accomplishments, is well-acquainted with its language, its literature, and its history, both civil and ecclesiastical. I need not say that I am indebted to him for very much of what is here recorded; and it cannot but increase the confidence of the reader in the general accuracy of my little volume, to know that the manuscript had the advantage of his kind inspection and revisal. It is not of course to be understood from this, that he gives his sanction to every opinion I have expressed, or every conclusion at which I have arrived. For statements of this nature, the responsibility rests entirely with me.

The fact of his having previously travelled in Portugal, will explain how it was, that I did not visit certain places of note—Coimbra and Alcobaga, for instance—which I might have been otherwise expected to make a point of seeing. These he had visited before; and as we had but a limited time for our excursion, it was natural that he should wish to make our present route as different as possible from his former one. To me, on the contrary, all was alike new; and therefore, I found no difficulty in following where he chose to lead.

I do not know that any farther remarks are necessary, either by way of explanation or any thing else. I will therefore no longer detain the reader, than to express my hope, that when he has come to the end of the *following pages*, he will not think his time and trouble *have been altogether wasted*.

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A MONTH IN PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from England.—Sickness.—Sunday at Sea.—Bay of
Vigo.—~~Departure from Vigo.—Monday at Sea.—Bay of Biscay.~~

ERRATA.

Page	line	for	read
21,	8,	for console	condole
62,	17,	stirring	striving
65,	11,	Santo	Santa
70,	1 of note,	St.	Sr.
73,	6,	Mezazfrio	Mezazfrio
78,	31,	Lond. The	Lond,—the
97,	4,	friend	friends
99,	31,	worry, for such scenery ;	sorry ; for such scenery.
117,	1,	year	years
	26,	art	Art
137,	11,	ale, houses,	ale-houses,
142,	8,	successors some say, / the descendants	successors, some say the descendants,
161,	30,	laboratory	lavatory

W HEN, HOWEVER, we were soon on board more than two hours, when the thoughts of our future progress were interrupted by our present calamity, my friend and myself being both laid prostrate by sea-sickness. This is a circumstance neither so uncommon nor so pleasant as to afford any temptation to dwell upon it at length ; but I cannot help noticing, what was observed to me by my fellow-voyager, that in no ancient writer, sacred or

profane, nor even in any of mediæval times, do we find the slightest allusion to this malady.* Thus in the work of the Sieur de Joinville, one of the companions of St. Louis to the Holy Land in almost the last crusade, which describes minutely the inconveniences and sufferings to which the party were subject, there is no mention of sea-sickness, which would seem to show that it is a disease to which the people of those times were not liable, at any rate in the degree that we are now. This must have been owing to the construction of their vessels, their manner of living, or to some remedy with which they were acquainted, the knowledge of which is now lost. Whatever it were, would that it could be again made known to us! What weariness and painfulness, what suffering and misery would it remove, or at least alleviate! and in such a condition, the slightest alleviation is a matter for which to be devoutly thankful. My companion recovered more speedily than I did; but on Sunday morning, we were both able to take part in the service of the Church, with a congregation of passengers and seamen, assembled in the saloon. I said the Morning Prayer, *he* the Litany, to which he added a most appropriate extempore sermon, addressed especially to his sea-faring auditors, from the latter part of Acts xxviii. 31, which had occurred in the second Lesson.

We had lost sight of land, a few hours after our departure from Southampton; but early this morning, we came in view of the coast of Gallicia, the North-western province

* It has been suggested to me that what is stated in Jonah (i. 5.) might have been the effect of sea-sickness:—he ‘was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep.’

of Spain,—bold, barren and mountainous. About six o'clock in the evening,—and a beautiful evening it was,—we entered the magnificent Bay of Vigo, to which there are two inlets from the Atlantic, formed by a mountain island. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more lovely scene than was presented to us, as our vessel took its course towards the town. The mountains which surround the Bay, were illumined with the soft and mellow light of the declining sun; the waters were calm and smooth as those of an inland lake; villages and churches were to be seen here and there on the shore, while in a corner toward the south-east, and extending from the base of a lofty hill some way up its side, appeared Vigo itself, glittering with its houses of white, surmounted by its venerable castle, and forming one of the most prominent objects of the whole view. As we began to approach it, bustle and animation prevailed throughout the ship. Telescopes were immediately in request; and persons were climbing to those situations, from which they could get the best view of the town and its various buildings. As we were come from an infected country, the letters we had brought for Vigo, were all turned out upon the roof of the saloon, and received, each one, two incisions with a hammer and chisel, for the purpose of being disinfected of whatever disease they might by possibility contain—a piece of humbug, of which I fancy few people are aware. Various surmises were expressed among the passengers, as to whether those who wished, would be permitted to land: but ere long these were set at rest by the health-boat coming alongside of our vessel, rowed by men in scarlet jackets, with the an-

nouncement that those who chose to disembark were at liberty to do so, without being subject to quarantine. This permission was occasioned by the circumstance of diarrhoea and cholera having appeared in the neighbourhood of Vigo, which was therefore itself regarded as an infected place, and so in no condition to exclude any strangers from its shores, who were willing to approach them. We were given to understand that though it might require a little contrivance to cross the frontier into Portugal, it could yet be managed without any real difficulty. We therefore determined, as Oporto was inaccessible to us,—for the steamer would not even stop there,—and we could not proceed to Lisbon without the certainty of being made to undergo quarantine for two or three days, to land where we were; and accordingly, with two other passengers, English residents in Portugal, we were rowed ashore. We first proceeded to the Custom House, with our luggage, but were not allowed to take it away that evening, as none of the authorities would be there before the morrow. We afterwards exhibited our passports at the proper office, and got them *viséd*, and in due time established ourselves at the Fonda del Leon d' Oro, a fair Hotel in the Market square. The passport system is really a most odious and absurd one. Whatever it may be in theory, its practical effect is only to occasion trouble and annoyance to travellers, and to extract money from their pockets. We may well be proud that no such system of suspicion, vexation, and extortion is known in our own country; and as we are so liberal and considerate towards foreigners, I think our Government might interfere to

procure from foreign courts a similar liberty for its own subjects, when they travel. We were attended to our hotel, by a lot of fellows with whose company we would gladly have dispensed, who all expected to receive something for showing us the way; but, if I recollect right, we successfully resisted the demands of them all, but the one whom we had engaged. We found, however, the next morning, at the Custom House, that we had been imposed upon by the men who rowed us ashore: they had no right to receive any thing from us, as they were employed by the Custom House officers, and the sum legally due was charged among the usual fees. There were also some outrageous demands made by certain gentry of the same class, for carrying our luggage, but to these we did not give way.

The town this evening was in quite a state of animation, in consequence of the return of one of the chief military authorities, from some official mission, on which he had been absent some time. The soldiers and band gave him a serenade by torch light, and the people, of course, dressed in their holiday attire, assembled in crowds; but we observed no breach of decorum and quiet behaviour, nor did we afterwards hear of any having taken place. The uniform of the soldiers, of whom we saw many marching about the town the next day, was blue turned up with red.

Our evening meal consisted of biscuits and chocolate, the national beverage of Spain, for which its inhabitants are as deservedly celebrated as the French are for their coffee: for I certainly never tasted any so delicious. In the course of the evening a person came into the

comedor (eating room), superbly dressed in a kind of blue uniform, with a crimson silk neckcloth, and a broad sash of the same colour and material, (which I found was often worn by Spaniards and Portuguese, instead of braces,) and a profusion of jewellery. I thought at first that he must be some individual in a high official position, but was ere long informed that he was a Madrid goldsmith, who, I suppose, adopted a garb in some degree peculiar to Spain, when he wished to appear in full dress, for we saw him the following day in plain clothes.

My bed-room at this Hotel was one of two closets, filling up the end of a large room, which served as a dressing-room. The beds in Spain and Portugal are generally of straw, very high, with sheets and pillow-cases adorned with lace. On this occasion all looked very clean, and I anticipated an undisturbed and comfortable night. But alas! *fronti nulla fides*. I soon found that there were other inhabitants of the bed than myself, who, I suppose, from their priority of occupation, looked upon me as an intruder, for they made me the object of their incursions and assaults in no very pleasant manner. I had heard, however, before I left England, of what I was to suffer in the Peninsula from such enemies; and this was a token at the outset that the warning was not without foundation: but on the whole, partly from the coolness of the season, and partly from the precaution I adopted, (of which more anon,) I escaped much better than I had expected.

The next morning we sallied forth, immediately after breakfast, to obtain our luggage from the Custom House,

and to see what was to be seen of the town and neighbourhood. The former business was soon despatched. The Consul, whose business it was to examine our luggage, was very courteous, and not at all disposed to give any unnecessary trouble. When therefore we had seen our goods and chattels safely deposited at the Fonda, we had nothing to do but to endeavour to satisfy our curiosity. It is an exciting and pleasurable feeling, that of having just arrived in a foreign country, especially if, as was my own case, it be one which we have not visited before. We are naturally anxious to witness the peculiarities of its scenery, the manners, customs and dress of its inhabitants, the character of its habitations and public buildings; to test what we have heard and read of it, by what we see; and thus to correct and enlarge our ideas and increase our knowledge.—We accordingly lost no time, in going out to see what we could. We had previously been interested in observing the market people and their commodities from our windows. Fruit and vegetables were there, of a much later period than what could have been met with in England; but for this we were, of course, prepared: perhaps what most struck us was the costume, in which the gayer colours, especially scarlet, often predominated. The heads of the women were universally bonnetless, but covered for the most part with handkerchiefs of divers colours and patterns, tastefully and becomingly arranged. The appearance and manners of the Spanish women of all ranks are graceful and pleasing; in which respect they contrast most favourably with their Portuguese neighbours. One of the first places to which we went

was the Church, a large modern structure, remarkable for nothing either in its architecture or furniture; but in it were several females at their private devotions, wearing the Mantilla. This, as it is worn in Spain, is the most graceful head-dress that can be imagined. It is composed of black silk, sometimes trimmed with lace, and though light and elegant, seems particularly to harmonise with the interior of a Church. Indeed, though it is used on other occasions, yet I believe it is considered especially appropriate for church-going. The Portuguese Mantilla is different. It is made of black stuff or bombasine, comes much farther over the head, is heavy and sombre in its appearance, and imparts to the wearer the look of a nun. In fact when I first saw it, I made sure that those by whom it was worn, were members of some religious order.

There are not many objects of curiosity in Vigo. It contains about six thousand inhabitants, is a lively town, beautifully situated, and, as was to be expected, quite of a continental character. Nothing like it is to be seen in England. In fact, it forcibly recalled to my mind some of the pictures in Rogers's Italy, and the scenes described in the opening chapter of Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*. One lane we walked through, in its immediate vicinity, enclosed by low walls of unshaped stone, might have been the very place along which Don Abbondio was going, reciting his office from the Breviary, when he had his rencontre with the two *bravi*. The houses are generally white, but sometimes of a light blue. The streets are narrow. It abounds in beggars, and nobody in it seems to have any thing to do. We went

into a shop for some trifling article, and it was at least a quarter of an hour, before any one competent to sell, could be found. The master of the shop was, no doubt, gossiping with his neighbours, or taking his pleasure some other way, and had left his business to manage itself. The contrast between the towns I saw in Spain and Portugal, and those of a like population in England, is remarkable. Here every body seemed to be out of doors, ready for any enjoyment that might offer; whilst in our own country, you might walk from one end of a street to another, perhaps the most frequented in the whole town, and scarcely meet an individual. This is doubtless in some degree the effect of the climate; but is principally caused by the fact that Englishmen generally know what to do with their *time*. The views from both the town and neighbourhood are lovely; but amid such a profusion of mountains and valleys, wood and water, what can be wanted to render the beauty of the scenery perfect? In the course of the morning we met with a Priest, who was naturally an object of some interest to us, as we were both invested with the same character, though in another portion of the Catholic Church. We did not, however, fall into conversation with him. He was an elderly man, of respectable appearance, attired in a black cassock and cloak, stockings of the same colour, buckled shoes, and a hat which struck us as the most remarkable article of his dress, being at least three-quarters of a yard long, with the brims, which were originally circular, curled up on each side. This is the usual garb of the Spanish clergy. In

through Porriño, a long, straggling place, consisting apparently of a single street, and containing nothing worthy of notice. It was the time of the fair, and I was bid observe that there was no drunken man to be seen. From subsequent experience, I am inclined to believe that drunkenness is not a vice to which the people of these countries are addicted. In due time, i. e. about half-past seven o'clock, four hours from our leaving Vigo,—for a league an hour is considered a very good rate of travel, especially when accompanied by sumpter mules, the drivers of which have to walk—we arrived at Tuy. It seemed a tolerable city, with about three or four thousand inhabitants, and is situated on an eminence near the banks of the Minho, on the opposite side of which, similarly situated, are the town and fortress of Valença. In short, these two frontier towns of Spain and Portugal are so near together, that at a distance they look almost like one. We went to see the Cathedral, but were too late to obtain admission, so were obliged to content ourselves with a view of the exterior. It stands on a lofty hill, is built of a very ugly stone, and has two towers at the western entrance, one of which appears unfinished. We afterwards went to the Office of Police, to exhibit our passports, and to receive a certificate of having both done so and made the required payment,—a piece of business which caused us to be detained at least an hour, in a dirty, stinking apartment, for no imaginable benefit, the blank papers being first signed by the Alcalde,—a functionary who corresponds in some degree to the Mayor of a corporate borough with us—and then filled up by his clerk. The

posada (inn) at which we stopped, the only one, or at any rate the best, in the city, was wretched. I characterized it as such whilst there, whereupon I was assured that I should find many much worse ere I returned to England. I certainly did meet, on various occasions, with inferior accommodation to what we experienced here; and yet I am not at all disposed either to withdraw or to modify the term I then used: it *was* a wretched *posada*, dirty and uncomfortable, affording, it is true, good chocolate, but bad every thing else. My fellow-traveller and I occupied two beds in a closet at the end of a room, the construction of which somewhat resembled the one I occupied at Vigo the night before. During the night, we could hear mice running up and down the walls; and I at least was made to feel the depredations of vermin more diminutive, but not less annoying, so that I was compelled to rise from my bed, while it was dark, and bathe my face and limbs with water. After this, at every inn where we stayed, except at Oporto and Lisbon, I made a point, ere I retired to rest, of sprinkling my bed with spirit of wine and camphor; and although this did not prove effectual in *all* instances, I have no doubt that it secured me many a night's undisturbed repose, of which otherwise I should have been in great part deprived. If therefore any of my readers have the misfortune, like myself, to be among those for whom these rapacious insects evince a predilection,—for there are some whom they seem to make a point of treating with neglect—I should strongly advise them, if ever they travel in Spain or Portugal, to avail themselves of the same remedy.

great distance. The weather, however, interfered much with our enjoyment of the scenery. To say nothing of rain, the absence of sunshine is always a great drawback to its beauty, and renders comparatively dull, gloomy and uninteresting, what would otherwise impart the highest delight. At least I am sure it is so with scenery of such character as that through which we were now passing. The river widened as we went down it, and became at length as broad as the Thames at Chelsea, or even broader. We had not proceeded far, before we found that our boatmen were not those whom we had been promised, but of very inferior capabilities; and besides, that we ought to have been provided with three instead of two. This caused us to make much slower progress than we had calculated upon, and than we otherwise should have done; so that we did not reach Seixas until after three o'clock, and then we had to wait nearly two hours for our mules. The rain meanwhile was coming down smartly, so when we had got our luggage ashore, my friend and I were thankful to take refuge in the porch of a cottage, whose entrance was on the second floor, which afforded us an acceptable shelter. No one was at home when we first established ourselves there; but before we left, some of the family returned, and courteously invited us in. At length, however, the mules arrived; and as soon as our baggage was packed upon those destined to convey it, we mounted the others and set forward towards Vianna. Here one of our countrymen, though resident at Oporto, had also an establishment, and though my friend and I had only made his acquaintance the day we left the ship, he most

kindly invited us to partake of his hospitality for the night—an invitation which it did not require much pressing to induce us to accept, especially when we were informed that the *Estalagem*—this is the Portuguese word for Inn—at Vianna was in no respect superior to the *Posada* at Tuy. On therefore we went, pleased with the prospect of a comfortable habitation to rest in at the end of our journey; but little did we imagine what we had to go through ere we enjoyed it. The rain had, in a manner, ceased ere we left Seixas. Our future host and his friend were well acquainted with the road, and pushed on as fast as their mules would carry them. We followed *haud passibus æquis*, and so soon lost sight of them; and the baggage mules and their drivers came after, and soon lost sight of us. As we were passing through Caminha, a town on the sea-coast, about a mile or two from Seixas, a man came out of a shop with a *palhoça*, or straw cloak, an article worn principally by the peasantry, of very ingenious manufacture, and effectually keeping out the wet, which, he said, had been provided for me by one of our friends who had preceded us. I accordingly put it on, and had afterwards reason to be thankful that I did, though its appearance was so little sacerdotal, that my companion expressed a wish that I could be seen in it by some of my flock at Bordesley. Soon after leaving Caminha, the road went for some distance along the sea-shore. We had not proceeded far when the wind began to blow, the rain to fall, and the waves of the sea to rage and swell, in such a way as to show it was the commencement of a fearful storm. Darkness too was coming on, but

yet the white foam of the waters cast on the road, every now and then, a kind of uncertain light. At length the wind blew harder, and the rain came down more heavily, and the road—a miserable one at all times—could with difficulty be distinguished. The very mules sometimes turned round, as if unable or afraid to face the tempest. ‘What an awful night!’ exclaimed my friend, and such indeed it was. To add to our perplexity, we for a short time lost our way, and there was no house or person at hand, of whom we could make enquiry. We passed indeed a solitary chapel, through the window of which I could see a lamp gleaming; but this afforded us no help or direction. Happily, however, we recovered the road ere long, but it was so indistinct that we despaired of being able to keep it; and so on reaching Ancora, a village little more than a quarter of the way on our journey, we engaged a guide. There was a wildness and grandeur in the scenes we had passed through, which, at any other time, would have struck us with admiration; but now, our only anxiety was to get on. We had no leisure for the magnificent, the sublime, or the picturesque; but on, on we proceeded through mud and dirt and wind and rain, and now also through gloom and darkness. A weary way indeed it was. Anxiously did we look out for the lights of Vianna long before we reached it, and were ready to think the farther we went, the more it receded from us. At last, however, we entered it, nearly at midnight, and with feelings of exultation at the thought of being speedily and comfortably housed. But our difficulties were not yet ended. We were in a strange town; we knew not the house to

which we had been so kindly invited ; and there was not a soul in the streets of whom we could make enquiry. We gave up our mules to our guide ; and wherever we saw a light in a window, there we directed our steps, and knocked at the door, in hope of obtaining the desired information ; but no satisfactory reply could we get. People were going to bed, and were unwilling to give themselves the trouble of attending to us. We shouted aloud in such a way as would have aroused a whole town in England, however buried in sleep ; but all to no purpose ! What were we to do ? We began to fear that we should have to walk about till day-light. Meanwhile the rain was descending, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, *in sheets* ; and the streets swimming like rivers ! My dear reader, I hope you are sitting before a good fire, with every thing around you snug and comfortable. If so, let it heighten the enjoyment of your comforts, to contrast your situation with ours. I remember a Latin sentence which says, ‘the recollection of past sufferings is pleasant.’ This may be true. I am not disposed to deny, writing quietly as I now am, that I find the remembrance of what I have been thus describing, somewhat pleasurable : but certainly I should not wish to purchase a renewal of the pleasure by going through it again. For me at least, one such adventure is sufficient for every purpose. Whilst, however, we were in the midst of our perplexity, it occurred to my companion, that we should go to the guard-house, and make enquiry of the soldiers as to the residence of our friend. Accordingly we did so, and found one who was able to satisfy us. He at first shrunk from braving the

North of Portugal. I much regret that we did not, as we had intended, procure a copy, as a translation of it could not fail to prove interesting and instructive in more respects than one. Adjoining the Church is the Dominican Monastery, a spacious and substantial building, but with no architectural pretensions, which is now the residence of the Governor of the district. I shall unhappily have other opportunities of expressing my sentiments on such sacrilegious appropriation, so I will not enter upon it here.

We soon saw what was to be seen in Vianna; and as we had no time to lose, we immediately made arrangements for proceeding on our way. We engaged a muleteer to accompany us to Oporto, and three mules—two for ourselves and one for our baggage: and so left Vianna for Barcellos about three o'clock in the afternoon. The view from the bridge over the Lima, just on the outside of the town, is magnificent. In the distance are mountains; before them a wide expanse of cultivated country, through which flows this beautiful river. We had indeed a very fine prospect for a considerable portion of the way, which lay towards and over these mountains; and ere they shut it out from us, we stopped our mules, and turned round to enjoy it, more than once. The road to Barcellos is miserable; worse than the worst cross country roads in England. Indeed Portugal is noted for bad roads. One over which a carriage can pass, is a rarity. The high-roads are often so narrow that two persons cannot ride abreast on them: sometimes (and not unfrequently) they are so covered with mud, that one quite pities the horses, as they pass

through it; sometimes they are more than ankle-deep in water; and sometimes, paved with huge stones which make the horses slip and stumble as if they were going every minute to fall, and seem designed to impede, as much as possible, the progress of man and beast and whatever else passes over them. It was formerly the policy of the Portuguese to keep their roads in a bad condition, in order to prevent the incursions of their Spanish neighbours, the capitals of the two countries being but six hundred miles apart; but now that the rights of nations are respected, and they are relieved from all apprehension of such danger, it is a disgrace to them to allow them to remain as they are. As if too to show that they want not the *ability* to maintain them in different order, there are a few roads in Portugal equal to what could be met with any where else. Whilst, however, the rest are suffered to continue in their present state, and the inns afford no better accommodation than they now generally do, the country will never become the resort of travellers.

When we got to within two leagues or a league and a half of Barcellos, we began to meet a number of country people returning from the fair which was there held, and were struck with the courtesy with which they almost all saluted us. We did not reach the town until the shades of evening had set in. It is beautifully situated on the Cavado, over which stands a venerable bridge, connecting the portions of the town on the opposite banks. This we crossed, as we had been directed, and found a very good inn, that of Barcellinhos, where we were soon established in a room three stories high,

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scarcely a town in the country where a good book-shop is to be found; whilst many, with even a considerable population, possess none of any sort. Literature is now at a very low ebb in Portugal: very few original works issue from the press, in any department: the modern publications which find most favour, are translations from worthless French writers. I believe the Portuguese have never particularly shone in literature; but there have been amongst them poets, and many historians, of considerable eminence; and surely they must now have men capable, if they would only devote themselves to the work, of raising the literary character of the country. In Coimbra, the national university, there were, last year, nearly a thousand students. If these could but be made to feel the low rank in letters occupied by their country, and if the same impression could be communicated to their successors, is it too much to hope that there would arise from among each Academic generation, at least a few, able and eager to wipe off the reproach under which their country now labours, whose example and influence might be felt in time throughout its whole extent? It is much to be wished that men of such a stamp should obtain the patronage and encouragement of the higher powers; for when learning in its various departments is pursued and disseminated in accordance with Christian principles, it has always an elevating, refining and ennobling influence, which extends to other classes than those actually engaged in the pursuit.

In the course of our walk we passed the prison, and saw several of its inmates letting down baskets from the

windows to receive the alms of passers by. If they have not some private resources, this is the principal means they have, of obtaining a subsistence; and I believe prisoners have been known, while in confinement, to die of actual starvation.* This struck me as a very cruel regulation. A prison should not be a place of luxury, or even of comfort, especially for those confined for moral offences; but *all* within its walls, whether made to labour or not, should be provided with the means of supporting themselves in health, and so far from being compelled, should not be allowed, to solicit charitable contributions from those at large. We were also much disgusted to see the number of miserable and loathsome objects, who were stationed on the bridge for the sake of begging. In this country it is customary for persons of this class, who have any natural or accidental deformity, to resort to the most frequented scenes, for the purpose of exposing their wounds or malformations, in order to excite commiseration, and obtain relief. If offered admission into a hospital or other similar institution, they commonly refuse; and indeed are sometimes known purposely to keep open their wounds, from finding them a source of greater profit than they could obtain by any other means. In this way one often comes across exhibitions in the most public spots, of such a description as would not be tolerated in En-

* Mr. Kinsey speaks as follows of the prison of Limoeiro, at Lisbon. 'The food of the prisoners is both bad and insufficient; it consists chiefly of *caldo*, or weak vegetable soup with an admixture of rice. The allowance of bread is 1½ lb. per diem for four persons. The condition of the prisons generally in Portugal resembles this description of the Limoeiro at Lisbon.' *Portugal Illustrated*, p. 118.

gland, any where. I feel but little sympathy with street beggars in our own country, however great their apparent distress ; for to such the workhouse is always open, and whatever its privations, it would surely be preferred by any, but persons of indolent and depraved habits, to a life of vagrancy. But in Portugal, I was disposed to have compassion on them, from supposing that as no legal provision was made for the destitute, they might often have no other means of support than to ask public charity. When, however, I became acquainted with the real facts of the case, it chilled my feelings towards them. There are hospitals and other institutions in the country, where persons requiring surgical or medical treatment, may always find a refuge ; and I doubt not that others in want through no fault of their own, might obtain assistance without taking up begging as a trade. I therefore came to the conclusion, that to give alms to common beggars, even in Portugal, is only to afford encouragement to idleness and mendicancy, in opposition to the judgment of St. Paul, (2 Thess. iii. 10.) ‘ For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.’

We left Barcellos early in the afternoon for Casal de Pedro, but went about a league out of our way to see the Church of San Pedro de Rates, erected in honour of the Proto-martyr of Portugal, and on the scene of his martyrdom. He is said to have suffered as early as A. D. 46, having been sent into Portugal by the Apostle St. James, when about to visit the west, to prepare the people for his preaching. The road is very pretty and well-wooded. Indeed the trees were here and there so

thick, that they might be almost said to extend into forests. There were also frequent vineyards, in which the vines were trained over pollard oak trees,—*de enforcado*, as the Portuguese term it. We saw here, as elsewhere, many crosses by the way-side, sometimes of stone, with the figure of our Lord carved upon them, without any colouring; sometimes of wood; sometimes single; sometimes in threes, commemorating the two thieves. I like such memorials, and wish much that they were to be found amongst ourselves. They give a country a Christian appearance, and I believe have often the effect of suggesting holy recollections to the people. In Portugal, it is customary on passing them, to uncover the head; and who knows how often the heart may exclaim the while, ‘By THY Cross and Passion, Good LORD deliver us’? We also saw several road-side altars, which are common throughout the country, and are all used, I believe, more or less frequently, for the celebration of mass on particular days. I was however shocked to see on one, bread and wine—exposed for sale! a horrible profanation, to turn the altar of God into a market-stall.

The Church of San Pedro de Rates is a fine Norman structure of the eleventh century, consisting of nave, aisles, choir and transepts, which however do not project beyond the aisles. It is miserably kept: indeed it looked as if it were used for the village lumber-room, things being evidently deposited here because there was a lack of accommodation for them elsewhere. The bell was rung by a rope reaching through a window of the priest’s house, who came into the church whilst we were there—

an elderly man dressed in a suit of rusty brown, with nothing about him to indicate that he was of a rank at all superior to that of a labourer. He was accompanied by his housekeeper, a woman of corresponding appearance, who took this opportunity of performing her devotions, as if to impress us with an opinion of her piety. The village is an inconsiderable one, but yet contains another church. *Cui bono?*

As we drew near to Casal de Pedro, which lies about a league and a half from San Pedro de Rates, we were impeded in our course by a long string of ox-drawn carts, which, with their squeaking wheels, making a noise enough to deafen us, we were for some time unable to pass; the road being narrow, and in other respects of the true Portuguese stamp. At length, however,—that is, soon after dusk—we reached our halting place for the night, the first specimen I had of a Portuguese village inn, at which we had been recommended to remain instead of going on to Villa Nova de Famalicão, a town a little distance off, inasmuch as the accommodation we should meet with here, was better than what we should find there. What it might have been there, it is of course impossible to say, but it certainly was not over luxurious here. After mounting a flight of steps at the outside of the house, we came to a long narrow room, with a sloping roof, formed by a lean-to, at the end of which was our chamber, containing two beds, placed so close together, that there was hardly room to pass between them. It might also contain a chair or a table—this I do not recollect—but it was unprovided with washing utensils, and even with others still more neces-

sary : but next morning we found water and basin and towels provided for us in the ante-room, which thus served for a dressing-room, in addition to its other uses. We had tea, with eggs, fish, and a few preserved oranges, as soon as we got in : and ere we started early the next day—for there was nothing here to tempt us to linger—breakfast. The Portuguese use green tea exclusively, which they make in huge tea-pots, evidently, without brewing, and with a quantity of water sadly disproportioned to the quantity of tea, so that the first three or four cupfuls are usually very *small*. When, however, I say that this is the custom of the Portuguese, it is only right to add that my experience is drawn exclusively from the Portuguese inns, at which it was my lot to sojourn : in private families a different practice may prevail.

The road between Casal de Pedro and Oporto, for the greater part of the way, was much of the same character as what we had passed through the day before. We stopped about half way, at the village of Morera, that our muleteer might give the mules some *sopa*, i. e. bread sopped in wine, their usual food when on a journey. Whilst this was being done, we strolled to the church, a huge building in the classical style, and therefore possessing few points of ecclesiastical attraction. Till of late years it belonged to the Dominican Convent, which since the suppression has been turned into a private country house ; but I do not think it is now inhabited. At another place where we stopped to buy some wine for ourselves, the mistress of the *venda* would not sell it, until she had warned us it was expensive—twopence a

glass!—not a wine-glass, but a *copo*, an immense tumbler that is, such as we never see in England.

As we approached Oporto, the passengers of course became more frequent. My companion remarked that he thought the Portuguese were the ugliest people under the sun : and I could not help being myself struck with their gipsy-like appearance and expression of countenance. The Moors have left evident traces of their former occupation of this country, on both the style of its buildings, and the features of its inhabitants. The north suburb of the city, through which we passed, is very poor and shabby. On arriving at the Custom-house, which stands on the civic boundary, and had something of the appearance of an English turnpike-lodge, all our luggage was unloaded and searched, a piece of contemptible jealousy from which travellers in our own country, except on their first landing, are happily free. However nothing was found with us to excite suspicion, or call forth remark : and so when our carpet bags and portmanteaus were replaced on the mule's back, we made the best of our way through the city to the Hotel do Commercio, in the Rua Nova dos Ingleses, which we found very good, cheap and comfortable.

CHAPTER III.

Oporto.—Situation.—Buildings.—Houses of English residents.—Quinta.—Scenery of the Douro.—Bishop's palace.—Serra Convent.—Confiscation of Church property.—Present Episcopal and Parochial incomes.—Church services.—Character of the Portuguese Clergy.—of the People.—Impostures.—Subjection of the Church to the State.—Appointment of Bishops and Parish-priests.—Former wealth of the Church and means of education among the Monastic Orders.—Mistake of the Clergy in supporting Dom Miguel.—Line of argument recently adopted by seceders to Rome from the Church of England.—Factory House.—Wine-lodge at Villa Nova.—Churches.—Sao Francisco.—Tower of the Clerigos.—High Mass at the Cathedral.—Quarrelling Priests.—English Chapel.—Services.—English Congregations in Foreign Countries.—Importance of their maintaining distinctive Church principles.—Vindication of English Bishops and Priests, ministering to their countrymen abroad.

Oporto, which we entered on Friday, May 5, about midday, is really a very fine and imposing city. It is situated on the north bank of the Douro, which rises from the river almost precipitously, and thus affords it a noble and striking position, though at the expense of much fatigue to those who have to perambulate it. The number of its inhabitants is about eighty thousand. Its streets and squares are generally wide and spacious. Some of them are macadamized; but for the most part they are paved with large flat stones, of irregular size and shape, and often not touching one another. The public buildings are handsome, many of them especially so; but the character of the houses is irregular. Here, *for instance, is a mansion fit for a nobleman; and there,*

next door to it, a mean dwelling which no one would occupy above the rank of a small shopkeeper. The houses are most commonly white, but sometimes painted red, blue, or yellow; and here and there covered with blue tiles, such as we saw at the Collegiate Church at Barcellos. They are, many of them, very lofty, with a balcony to each window, which to an Englishman gives them a novel and picturesque appearance. We called in the afternoon on some of our English friends, and observed that in the furnishing, arrangement and character of their rooms, they had retained the fashions of their own land. This, I believe, is almost universally done by our countrymen abroad, in whatever part of the world they may be.

In the garden, or rather the *quinta*, of one of our friends, I gathered, for the first time in my life, a ripe orange from a tree which was bearing both fruit and flowers at the same time. This, however, is an ordinary circumstance. The oranges of Oporto are somewhat coarse, far inferior to those of Lisbon; but the blossom is very beautiful, and its odour most fragrant and delicious. We had the opportunity of admiring other magnificent flowers, but were told that the best, in this country, come out in winter. We had also an enchanting view of the river and the sea. It was truly a delightful spot, and seemed to realize all that one had read of the sunny lands of the south, and their sweet attractions. The banks of the Douro are most beautiful and romantic, and afford the people of Oporto many charming views from different parts of their city; whilst there are many sweet spots on it, a short distance off,

to which they resort when they wish to enjoy a day's pleasure, apart from the 'crowd and hum of men.' The Douro is a much less considerable river than the Tagus, but the scenery through which it passes is very superior. I had a long walk this evening with the gentleman to whom the quinta belongs, which I have just mentioned. Amongst other places, we went to the Bishop's palace, a large and stately building, containing a remarkable stair-case, said to be well worth seeing. We were not able, however, to obtain admission, as it was then unoccupied, in consequence of the death of the late Bishop about a month before, and the non-arrival of his successor. It stands high, and commands a magnificent view over the river, on the other side of which, on a lofty eminence, is the Serra Convent. This, before the suppression, was a very wealthy establishment, belonging to the Augustinians, and principally occupied by the younger sons of the nobility. It was one of their rules that on no occasion, when they went beyond its walls, were they to walk. Now, alas! it is used for a garrison. We went on, a short distance, to a part of the city called Fontinhas, nearer the extremity, from which the view is still more splendid and striking. One thing, perhaps, that contributes to render it so, is that it is less *urban*.

My companion had resided many years in Portugal, and had had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the state of the Church. He assured me that it was very unsatisfactory; and this was abundantly confirmed by what I heard from others, both here and in other places. The whole of its property, both Conventual, Episcopal and Parochial, had been confiscated in

the Revolution of 1834; the tithes going to the land-owners, and the convents and other possessions of the monastic bodies to the Government. The nuns have been allowed to remain in their convents: and as their numbers are diminished by death, the surviving inmates of several houses are transferred to one; but the poor monks and friars were turned adrift at once. They were promised, each one, a crown a day for their subsistence; but this was not paid after the first year or so, since which time they have been left to live as they could,—often upon the charity of the benevolent. There was a good deal of talk in Portugal at this time about the disease which had attacked the olives, and which, it was feared, would not spare the vines; but whilst the following passage remains in Holy Scripture, who can wonder at any such judgment coming upon a nation, who allow so iniquitous a sacrilege to be unrepented of and unremedied?

‘Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed ME. But ye say, wherein have we robbed THEE? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed ME, even this whole nation.

‘Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in MINE house, and prove ME now herewith, saith the LORD of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the LORD of hosts. And all nations shall call you blessed:

for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the LORD of hosts.' Malachi iii. 8—12.

The confiscation of church property was said to be necessary by those who carried it into effect, in consequence of the interference of members of the monastic bodies, with political matters. This they were anxious to do away with; and so in order to scatter the rooks, they adopted the expedient of destroying their nests. But were this charge against the monks true, there were surely other ways of putting an end to their undue interference in the affairs of government, than by committing a foul, scandalous and wholesale robbery, whereby scores of innocent persons would be made to suffer with every guilty one, and property which had been devoted to the perpetual service of God, would be seized on for purposes of this world. Even, however, if there had been no other expedient for effecting their end, this will afford no justification in the eyes of a Christian, who believes that to 'do evil that good may come' is no more permitted to societies and nations, than to individuals: whilst, again, could it be shown that it was right to appropriate the possessions and abolish the institutions of the monastic bodies, this would prove not the slightest apology for plundering the Bishops and Secular Clergy, the continuance of whose office and ministry is essential to the continuance of Christianity and the Church. But, in fact, no justification can be offered for any portion of this atrocious measure.

The annual income of each Bishop, which used to average several thousands, is now about five hundred pounds. That of a parish-priest is commonly so small,

as to be an object of desire to none but the 'lowest of the people.' It is contributed partly by the parishioners, and partly by the Government. I heard the late Bishop of Oporto spoken very well of as a mild, tolerant, and amiable man.

Mass is generally said in the parish churches every day, but there is seldom any other service of a public character; nor is it usual to find the churches open after an early hour in the morning. Sermons are very rare: my friend assured me that he did not think there were a dozen preached in a twelvemonth, in any church in Oporto, and yet the people were most anxious to hear them. The character of the Clergy does not stand high: there are of course good men amongst them—it would be most lamentable if there were not—but as a body, they are considered very deficient in both learning and zeal. Their vow of chastity, too, is frequently broken. It is notorious that many of them have families, though in the case of the more respectable, each family is the offspring of one woman. When in Lisbon, I was once admiring a pair of beautiful mules belonging to an English merchant. 'Yes,' he said, 'they are of the royal breed, and were given by the late Queen to her Almoner,' (*a priest*) 'at whose death, I bought them of his *son*. When alive, he used always to introduce him to me in that character, adding 'I don't, like many, call him my *nephew*.' Such being the fruits of the 'constrained celibacy of the Clergy,' I could not be surprised to hear that it was no uncommon thing for people in Oporto, when they saw the English Chaplain walking out with his wife and children, to express a wish that their priest:

were allowed to live as he did. It need not then be esteemed any blot on the Anglican Church, that she allows her Bishops, Priests and Deacons 'to marry at their own discretion, as they shall judge the same to serve better to godliness'; nor will any of her wise and sober-minded members be desirous that her Clergy should be again entangled with a yoke, from which they have been happily set free.

My present companion spoke highly of the Portuguese people as being kind-hearted, unsuspecting, and ready to place unbounded confidence in any who manifest an interest in their welfare. On the other hand, they are very irascible, and regardless of human life. A trifling dispute, which in our own country would be settled by a pugilistic encounter, will often cause a Portuguese to draw out his knife, and inflict on his adversary a mortal wound. Hired assassinations and poisonings are also frequent amongst them. Almost every newspaper that one takes up, gives the details of various murders. 'Indeed,' said he, 'I have no doubt that there are at this time, fifty or sixty murderers in the prison of this city. And yet an execution in Portugal is a very rare thing.' This comparative impunity would, of itself, almost account for the frequency of crime.

He also gave some instances of the imposture, credulity and superstition to be found amongst the people, which came under his own knowledge, and are worth recording. 1. A benevolent Englishman, who had some knowledge of medicine, was in the habit of affording his assistance to the poor folk who had need of it. A hermit in the neighbourhood of Guimaraes, undertook

to provide an image, which should be said to have been discovered supernaturally, and proposed to our countryman to attribute to it the cures, which were really the result of his medical skill, and thus occasion the transfer to it, or rather to himself, of the eggs and other offerings which were now made to an image of miraculous reputation in the same neighbourhood. The proposal, however, was rejected and exposed. 2. Some ecclesiastics at or near Oporto, (I forget which) anxious to share in the reputation and profit resulting from the discovery of a miraculous image, pretended to have found one by the refusal of certain oxen with which some men were ploughing, to pass over the ground under which it was buried. They would have succeeded in their attempt, and have raised quite a religious commotion, had they not been stopped by the interference of the civic authorities. 3. A female servant of my informant was one day visited by a woman, who told her that she had had a vision of her (the servant's) deceased mother, who was suffering in Purgatory, because she had neglected to fulfil a vow which she had made of performing a pilgrimage to the Bom Jesus, near Braga. She therefore implored her daughter, in company with the vision-seer, to perform it in her stead. The poor girl had saved a few moidores, and was about to expend them for the benefit of her mother, as she supposed, in this expedition. Her master, to whom she communicated the circumstance, desirous to save her from such folly, used what arguments he thought would have most effect, but to no purpose. At last he begged her to consult a Roman Catholic Priest of his acquaintance, to whom, without

her knowledge, he had previously stated the matter; and in obedience to *his* direction, she was induced to forego her purpose. It afterwards appeared that the woman who professed to have seen the vision, had herself a wish to go to Braga for a holiday, and had devised this expedient for making the journey at the expense of the servant.

I ought perhaps to say that the gentleman from whom I derived the greater part of what I have stated in the last few pages, is not a Roman Catholic. He is, however, a well-informed and sensible man, utterly incapable of stating what is not true, and by no means under the influence of that Protestant bigotry, unhappily so common, which disposes people to believe any thing, however monstrous, to the prejudice of members of the Roman Communion, while it incapacitates them from receiving any thing, however simple, to their advantage.

The account I received from him of the present state of the Portuguese Church, was, in many respects, corroborated by a conversation I afterwards had with a very intelligent Roman Catholic Priest, in a distant part of the country, who, though not a native of Portugal, had long resided in it, and was well acquainted with its ecclesiastical concerns. From him I learned some additional particulars; and became convinced that most of the evils of which we complain in England, as resulting from the unrighteous domination of the State, are experienced here in a still higher degree. Moreover with us State encroachments are resisted, or at least protested against; but here the Church seems destitute of inclination or power to make the least opposition. Thus the

Bishops are appointed by the Government, and simply from political motives, are encouraged in their neglect of duty, and hindered in their discharge of it. They have not the power of issuing a pastoral, or enjoining prayers for any particular occasion, without the Government's consent, and through its jealousy, have been unable to assemble in Synod for more than a century. It seems, therefore, that the restraint put upon our Convocation, which evidently cannot continue much longer, is not without parallel in countries of the Roman obedience. The Parish Priests are also appointed in the same manner as the Bishops. When a benefice is vacant, there is professedly an examination of the priests of a certain *concursus*, a regulation introduced by the present Prime Minister, the Duke of Saldanha, who is said to be well disposed towards the Church, and anxious for her efficiency; but though adopted only four or five years ago, it has already become a mere form, so that the appointment is really determined upon before the examination takes place. 'In short,' said my informant, 'the Church here is bound hand and foot, and can do nothing! I once,' he continued, 'told the late Nuncio that if he could only secure the appointment of four or five Bishops, who were men of vigour and ability, and had the interests of religion at heart, it would be the regeneration of the Portuguese Church: but to this he answered that, in the first place, he had not the men; and in the second, that if he had, the Government would never consent to their appointment.'

The present condition of the Church is ascribed in great measure to the loss of her property; but it strikes

me as remarkable that so miserable a depression should be experienced in so comparatively short a time—twenty years. If our Church were to lose all she has of this world's wealth, though it would doubtless affect her much, yet I think she would hardly be brought so low as the Church of Portugal, whose priests, notwithstanding all, have still power to have what services they please, to preach what sermons they please, to catechise and instruct as they please. God look upon her in her low estate, and purify and restore her! Formerly her wealth was very great. There were religious orders and institutions expressly for the Nobility—the Augustinians, for instance: others for the middle ranks, such as the Dominicans; again, the Franciscans for the poor, who, however, were sometimes joined, through devotion, by the rich and noble: and these different Orders had schools at which they gave a gratuitous education, and whence they often transferred their pupils, free of expense, to houses at the University of Coimbra, under their respective management, many of whom eventually received Holy Orders. Thus every class of society was represented among the Clergy; and besides this provision, there were endowed Ecclesiastical Seminaries in the different dioceses. But now all have been swept away, and the existing Episcopal seminaries have to be supported from the scanty resources of the Bishops, or the sums arising from the *Bulla da Crusada*.

It was a great mistake when the Church took the part of Dom Miguel; but this she did in consequence of Dom Pedro having endeavoured in London to secure a loan upon her property—an attempt which naturally inclined

her to do all in her power to prevent his coming to the throne. Accordingly some of her monastics and priests proceeded to most unjustifiable lengths in their opposition; and regardless of their sacred character, and of the canons and rules under which they lived, even took up arms against him! How much better to have remembered the promise, 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength:' and again, the admonitions of our LORD in HIS Sermon on the Mount—'I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain'! The Government, mindful no doubt of the Church's opposition, have endeavoured to inspire the people with a distrust of her,—and but too successfully!—especially the young men, amongst whom very lax notions prevail on all subjects connected with religion: but it is much to be lamented that the Church should lend herself to the support of such absurdities, superstitions, and impostures as she does, and thereby afford them a pretext for rejecting even the truth which she maintains. The Clergy too, who are now daily diminishing in number, are little likely to exert any wholesome influence over them, consisting chiefly of men of the lowest ranks, and being, as a body, ignorant, lukewarm, and but indifferently esteemed for morality.

Most sinful would it be to give way to any thing of exultation at the imperfections to be found in any portion of God's Church. On the contrary, 'if one member

suffer, all the members should suffer with it.' Still I cannot but think, that if a more accurate knowledge of the actual state of the Church in other countries, had prevailed amongst us, it would have prevented many miserable schisms from the Church in our own land. People are now becoming more alive to the real facts of the case; and so writers of the Roman Communion, especially those who have been perverted from our Church, maintain that the claims of Rome are not affected by any abuses or imperfections in the Churches over which she bears sway.* They should, however, remember that in nine cases out of ten, it was abuses and imperfections which they alleged as their reason for forsaking her, whom they had hitherto regarded as their true Spiritual Mother, and that such are the topics which they now most commonly use to 'draw others after them:' but if such things are not considered to interfere with the pretensions of her to whom they have gone, it is surely most unjust to regard them as destructive of the character of her whom they have left. It may

* Take the following as an instance:—'If you bring me this or that historical scandal, this or that Pope, Cardinal, Priest, Monk, Nun, Acolyth, or Lay-brother, (for there is no knowing where your catalogue may end) who have disgraced their holy calling: if you quote to me Erasmus or Rabelais, or 'The Church in Spain,' or Mr. Hobart Seymour, I answer as the Israelite would have answered the Idumæan, if reproached with the lax government of Heli, or the sacrileges of Ophni and Phinees. I should admit the facts (always supposing them to be facts, not forgeries) with indignation, and sorrow, and abasement: and I should say, as he would have said, that as *facts* they were awful evidences of human corruption, and that as arguments against the Church of God,' (i. e. against the Communion of Rome being exclusively considered as such) 'they were simply nothing to the purpose.' Is there a Church, and what is it? Two Lectures by William Henry Anderdon, pp. 56, 57.

therefore be expected that, whatever arguments are advanced in future, against the claims of the Church of England, by those who have forsaken her, we shall hear no more of her lack of discipline, her non-encouragement of celibacy, her bondage to the state, and such like charges.

But it is time to return from this long digression to the sights of Oporto. Early the following morning, we had a visit from one of our friends, who conducted us to the English Factory House, a handsome and convenient building in the same street as our Hotel, containing a reading room, library, banqueting-room, ball-room, and divers other apartments of every character, necessary to the completeness of such an establishment. I do not know how it is kept up, or what is necessary to admit one to its privileges; but those of the English to whom it belongs, here give their public entertainments, which are usually of a very costly description. When the late Queen was at Oporto, they gave a ball in honour of her Majesty, at which she was present, and expressed her warm satisfaction at the manner in which she had been received and entertained. The number of English families in Oporto does not exceed fifty: it therefore speaks highly for their public spirit and liberality, that they should maintain an institution of this nature, in the way they do. From the Factory we proceeded to Villa Nova de Gaia,—which lies on the other side of the river, to see over a wine-lodge, where wine is kept in casks previously to being exported. It was such a place as the reader may easily imagine, and therefore I will not attempt a description of it. I tasted various kinds of

the juice of the grape, and two which I was assured were curiosities—Muscatel, of some very peculiar description, and Portuguese Lachrymæ Christi. These are not commonly sold, but presented by the merchants, in small quantities, to their customers and particular friends. The Lachrymæ Christi is made from the juice produced by the spontaneous bursting of the over-ripe grapes, before they are trodden: for it is by treading that the juice is still extracted from the fruit. The flavour of both these wines is sweet, and most delicious. The view of Oporto from Villa Nova is very fine and commanding.

The rest of the morning was principally employed in visiting Churches: of which, however, there are not many requiring any special notice. They are chiefly modern, and erected in the bad style of modern times; but the fitting up of some of them is handsome and even gorgeous. Several belong to various brotherhoods, who supply decorations for the Altars, and vestments for the Clergy, sometimes of a very magnificent description. They also provide for the spiritual and temporal necessities of their sick members, and *may* extend their charity to others, but of this I am not certain. In the sacristy of one of the Churches, I was surprised to see the chalices left out, which appeared to have been recently used at mass; as it is a regulation of the Roman Communion, that the sacred vessels be not handled by any one below the order of a Subdeacon, unless by reason of his holding some office requiring it, (that of Sacristan, for instance,) he have a special permission. Here, however, they were exposed to the profane touch of any one who might enter, and nobody was present to protect

them from the desecration. The Church of San Francisco is ancient and interesting. Its architecture is very fine, and its interior decorations are most resplendent. The Clerigos, which combines a sort of clerical institution with a Church, boasts the highest tower in Portugal, with the exception of that of Mafra. Its style is Grecian, and being erected in honour of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, has inscribed over the west entrance, the Vulgate translation of Romans xvi. 6, 'Salutate Mariam, quæ multum laboravit in vobis'—an adaptation of Holy Scripture which struck us as remarkable. We ascended the tower—rather a toilsome operation for those who had been walking all morning about the streets of Oporto,—but were well repaid for our trouble, by the view we obtained of the whole city. This is the best way of seeing a place, wherever such an opportunity is afforded—a matter deserving the attention of travellers, which I learned ten years ago, when surveying the city of Ghent from its Belfry Tower. In the evening we dined with one of our English friends, and met a pleasant party of natives of our own isle.

The next day was Sunday. We went to the Cathedral for High Mass which commenced at nine o'clock. On our arrival we saw a procession of ecclesiastics and choristers,—the former in copes, the latter in scarlet cassocks and surplices,—going round the adjoining cloisters, chanting what appeared to be a psalm. This done, they repaired to the High Altar, and Mass was proceeded with. The ritual, however, was bad and slovenly. The assistants delayed to rise until the instant it was necessary for them to take part in the service; and then

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up they jumped in a great hurry, which gave the whole celebration an appearance of irreverence. The celebrating Priest was an elderly man—I conclude one of the Canons. The congregation consisted of about a hundred people, apparently of the middle and lower classes, who certainly were not remarkable for their devotion ; but neither do I know that they exhibited any marked irreverence. There was rather an appearance about them of apathy and languor. Whilst Mass was going on at the *high* Altar, a Priest was giving the Holy Communion at another, just outside the Choir ; whilst, at a little distance, another Priest was hearing confessions, the penitent (in the only instance I happened to notice, a young lady,) not kneeling within a confessional, but before her Confessor, in full view of all who chose to observe. The Cathedral is decidedly the best ecclesiastical structure in Oporto, and well worthy of a visit. I had heard it spoken of somewhat disparagingly, but found it in every way better than I had expected. It stands high, but in a disagreeable part of the city. A young lady resident in Oporto, told my fellow-traveller, that having one day turned into it, a dispute arose between two of the Clergy, which gave rise to blows and even to the shedding of blood. Upon which a third came up to her, and expressed his regret that his brethren should have been guilty of such a breach of politeness as to quarrel in her presence.

From the Cathedral we bent our steps to the English Chapel. The burial-ground in which it stands is very pretty, being furnished with shady trees, and beds of flowers, tastefully planted : but the Chapel itself, though

neat, is very plain. With respect to the exterior, this was necessary, as the Portuguese authorities would not allow it to bear any thing of an ecclesiastical appearance; but the interior might well be made more Church-like, both in its arrangement and fitting-up. It is however something in its favour that it is not furnished with pews, but open benches. There was a very good congregation in the morning; but in the afternoon the attendance was scanty, the prayers not being followed by a sermon, and many of the congregation residing at such a distance as to render it difficult for them, especially in so warm a climate, to be present more than once in the day. It was mentioned to me with something of satisfaction, both here and at Lisbon—the only places in Portugal where English Chapels are to be found,—that the congregations included ‘Protestants’ of various denominations, High Church and Low Church, Presbyterians and other Dissenters, but that they all got on very well together, without any disturbance. I should fear, however, that such an amalgamation must stand much in the way both of a clear inculcation of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of England, and of a full development of her ritual,—matters, both of them, of the highest importance every where, but more especially among the members of foreign Churches, before whom it is so desirable that she should appear in her true character,—not as a Protestant sect, but as a reformed portion of the Catholic Church. I am convinced that nothing would tend more to promote the cause of Catholic Unity, than to make her known abroad *as she really is*—*as much* distinguished, to say the very least,

from all Protestant bodies, as from the Churches of the Greek and Roman Communions. This would assuredly raise her in the estimation of the members of those Churches, and might, by God's blessing, open their eyes to their own errors, and lead, in due time, to their modification or rejection. But when they see Presbyterians, Independents and Wesleyans permitted to unite with her members, so as not only to form one congregation, but to have, each one, a voice in its concerns—when they find, in consequence, the distinctive principles of the Church faintly enunciated, or passed over in silence, and her worship brought down as nearly as possible to the meagreness of the Conventicle—when they hear of a Chaplain being removed, and another put into his place, by the power of the Foreign Office alone; and are made to perceive that the authority and peculiar ministrations of Bishops are practically regarded as unnecessary, who can wonder if they consider her but as one of the many sects which arose at the so-called Reformation—if they stand aloof from all overtures for a renewal of Catholic intercourse, and cling with greater determination to those peculiarities which present the greatest obstacle to a restoration of Christian communion, as it existed in primitive times?

There are some persons, I know, of whose judgment on ecclesiastical subjects I think very highly, who question the propriety of English priests ministering in behalf of their countrymen in foreign parts, where a branch of the Catholic Church is in existence, though we are not in communion with it, as if it were an intrusion into the province of the native pastors. In accordance with such

a feeling, the present Pope, I have been told, observed, on occasion of the visit of the Bishop of Gibraltar to Rome, to exercise his Episcopal functions in behalf of the English congregation there, 'Well, I never knew before that Rome was in the diocese of Gibraltar.' It appears to me, however, though it may be great presumption to say so, that neither his Holiness, nor those others whom I have in my mind, have rightly taken into account the actual state of things. If English priests or bishops went into countries of the Roman obedience, for the purpose of exercising their functions for those, who, *as English Churchmen*, could have their spiritual necessities supplied by the indigenous Clergy, there would be force in the objection. Or were they to visit or abide in such countries, in order to draw off the native people from the ministrations of their own pastors, this would be a more decided and inexcusable act of schism. But it is notorious, that they do neither the one nor the other. I was pleased to hear, that it was urged as a matter of complaint against the Chaplain at Lisbon, by some of our ultra-Protestant countrymen, that he did not seek to make proselytes from the Portuguese Church to his own Communion. This, I thought, spoke well for him. It appears, then, that Anglican priests and bishops, in foreign lands, simply afford religious ministrations to those who would otherwise be left without them : for I fear that had the Bishop of Gibraltar refused to visit Rome, the Bishop of that city would neither have gone himself, nor deputed any other prelate, to consecrate the English Chapel, or to confirm the young members of the English congregation, except on condi-

tion of their renouncing their allegiance to their Mother Church : nor were they to lose their English pastor, would he, on any other terms, empower one of his own priests to supply them with the more ordinary ministrations. Under these circumstances, therefore, it appears a matter of necessity that English Churchmen, when abroad, should be supplied with the ministerial offices of English Clergymen : nor can it be said that such an arrangement infringes any true ecclesiastical principle. Have we not, however, amongst ourselves bishops and priests of a foreign communion, who have no such apology to offer ?

CHAPTER IV.

Leça da Palmeira.—*Leça do Balio.*—Road to Sto. Thyrso.—*Estalagem.*—Road to Guimarães.—Description of the City.—Nobleman's House.—Portuguese Stables.—Franciscan Nunnery.—Interview with a lay resident, and a nun.—Castle ruins.—Churches.—Dominican Monastery and Hospital.—Portraits.—Cathedral.—Mountainous neighbourhood.—*Amarante.*—St. Gongalo.—Dominican Church & Convent.—Monks.—Burks, Kinsey, Beckford, Pedro Diniez.—Miserable *Estalagem.*—Pass of *Amarante.*—*Mezaôfrio.*—Nice little inn.—Wine Country.—The Douro.—*Lamego.*—horrid place.—Cathedral.—Church of *Almacave.*—Bishop.—His palace and library.—Mass at *Tarouca.*—*Villa Cova.*—Scorching sun.—Travelling in Portugal.—Situation of *Viseu.*—Cathedral.—Paintings of *Gran Vesco.*—Diocesan Seminary.—Students.—President of the Chapter.—*Estalagem* and people there.—Dishonest Guides.

WE left Oporto at seven o'clock on Monday morning, with the muleteer who had accompanied us from Vianna. We had engaged him only to Oporto; but on arriving there, he proposed that we should extend the engagement; and as we had no reason to be dissatisfied with him, we fell in with his proposal. We accordingly set out for *Leça do Balio*; but owing to his mistake, when we had gone a league or somewhat more, we found ourselves at *Leça da Palmeira*, a village to which people are accustomed to resort in the summer months, from Oporto, for change of air and sea-bathing. It appeared a pleasant place, and contained many good houses; but there was nothing in it to compensate us for the distance we had come out of our way. However we lost no time in proceeding by a somewhat rugged and uninteresting

route to Leça do Balio, which lay two leagues off, and was reached by us in three hours. The point of attraction here was the Church, to which we proceeded immediately on our arrival. It is a fine old building, well worthy of a visit, especially in a country where there are so few ancient Churches as Portugal, A. D. 1336, but like that of São Pedro de Rates, in miserable condition. Having taken a survey of it, we repaired to the Estalagem, where we found very fair accommodation and entertainment: and when we had dined, proceeded on our journey to Santo Thyrso. Our way for three or four leagues lay along the road between Oporto and Braga, which is very good, and may be passed over in carriages with comfort. We met multitudes of people, principally on foot, but some on horses, some on mules, and some on asses, and all apparently dressed in their best attire, returning from the fair at Villa Nova de Famelicaõ. We were quite struck with their number, and could not but infer how large must have been the whole assemblage, when such troops were to be met with in *one* direction. We had to leave the Braga road at Ponte da Troffa, and were there told that the distance to Sto. Thyrso was *uma pequena legua*—a short league: but owing partly to the miserable state of the road, partly to the fatigue of ourselves and our beasts, and partly to this *pequena legua* proving a very long one, it took us an hour and forty minutes to accomplish it. The country, however, was very beautiful and picturesque, varied with hill and dale, rock and valley, wood and water, in charming abundance. The situation of the last village we passed through—its name I forget,

or rather, I question if I ever knew it—was most romantic. At Sto. Thyrsó, which is a small town, of a pleasing and rural character, we found a very decent Estalagem, much better than our past experience of village inns led us to anticipate, and indeed far superior to what we afterwards met with in places of much higher pretension. Here we passed the night very comfortably; and the following morning, after having fortified ourselves with such a breakfast as the place afforded, were early on our way to Guimaraes. We much enjoyed our ride, which was altogether the finest we had yet taken. The views on the river Dave, which we crossed more than once, were many of them exquisite. Escorvas, a little village at which we stopped for the refreshment of our mules, reminded me of the wilder parts of the neighbourhood of Matlock. I remember too a beauteous valley, which we went across, with steep woods on either side, and as we looked down, a village at its extremity, with the white houses glittering in the morning sun, which afforded a scene of surpassing loveliness. About a league from Guimaraes, we came into the direct road from Oporto, which is of the same character as what we passed over the previous day from Leça do Balio—good and withal beautiful, being shaded on each side with trees, and overhung with trellised vines.

We reached Guimaraes soon after midday. Its situation is enchanting, in a circular amphitheatre, nestled among mountains: and it is historically one of the most famous cities in Portugal. Here Count Henry held his court while the country was as yet but an earldom: and here A. D. 1109, was born his son Affonso Henriques,

surnamed the Victorious, who was its first king. The appearance of the city corresponds well with both the beauty of its position, and its historical celebrity. Its streets are fair and wide: its buildings quaint and picturesque: and even the very pavement, consisting principally of rude, irregular flag-stones, contributes to impart to it a mediæval character. The square in which our inn was situated is really worth describing. On the east, right opposite to us, was the Cathedral, a small but venerable structure of the fourteenth century: adjoining it, immediately in front, was a fountain, the very sight of which, besides being in such a climate, agreeable and refreshing, carried us back to times of antiquity: at a short distance towards the south was a beautiful stone-canopied market cross; whilst in a corner at the north-west, painted blue, surmounted by a cross and raised on a cloister, stood the hôtel de ville. The houses, with their projecting roofs and balconied windows, were quite in harmony with the other buildings. It was one of the most frequented parts of the city, and yet an air of religious solemnity, by no means partaking of gloom, nor at all inconsistent with cheerfulness, seemed to pervade the whole scene, affording an apt illustration of the influence Christianity should exercise over the actions and pursuits of our daily life.

We found the Estalagem good; and yet an Englishman, unacquainted with Portugal, would be surprised at our saying so; for the floors seemed as if they had not been swept for a twelvemonth, and never scoured since they were laid down, so that our clothes, as they were put off and on, contracted evident marks of having come

in contact with their foulness. This is hardly consistent with English ideas of a good hotel; but he who carries such ideas with him into Portugal, will be sure to meet with continual disappointment. After having refreshed ourselves, we went out, under the guidance of an influential inhabitant to whom we had an introduction, to see what was to be seen. And first, we went over a nobleman's house—I forget whose—the owner of which was from home. Like most houses of this class, it stood on a good deal of ground, but had only one story beside the ground floor. The upper rooms, which alone were occupied by the family, were very large, and communicated with one another. Some of them were adorned with portraits, miserable in point of execution, and unless the originals were persons of singular ugliness, libellous in point of resemblance: for a collection of more unmeaning, characterless, inexpressive features, it was never my lot to gaze upon. The roofs of these rooms were not flat, but formed, as is common here, by the lower parts of four triangles, one rising from each side, and almost meeting in a point. We descended from one of these apartments, by an external stair-case, into a pleasure or flower-garden, of formal appearance, having beds bordered with box, and trees cut into all manner of fantastic shapes. We here saw, that part of the ground floor of the house was occupied by the stables! This is the usual place for them in Portuguese houses of all classes. A lady told me at Oporto, that an Englishman, residing I think in that city, going away for a year, let his house, which was provided with stables after the English fashion, to a Portuguese family of consideration, who, however,

instead of making use of the stables *à l' Anglaise*, lodged their horses and mules in the lower part of the house : and so, when the owner returned, before he and his household could resume the occupation of it, it had to undergo a regular purification. It is difficult to imagine what could induce the Portuguese to adopt such an arrangement in the first instance, or what can render them so in love with it now. I am sure I can speak from experience, of the great annoyance it occasions, especially in estalagemas, where the roof of the stable, or the floor of the room over it, is not very sound.

From this house we went to the Franciscan Convent, a plain building, of no architectural pretensions : and as we were walking in the quadrangle, our conductor was recognized from an upper window by a lady, who was residing there without having taken the vows of the Order, who obligingly asked him whether we would like to be admitted to the interior. On our replying that we should, we were immediately conducted up stairs into a small apartment at the end of a long gallery. This was fenced off by an iron grating, the bars of which, however, were by no means close, from a passage five or six feet wide, beyond which, in a room similarly fenced off, the lady soon appeared. She looked like a person between forty and fifty years of age, of the lower middle class, in her morning dress ; but we were told that she was wealthy. She talked much with our friend, congratulated him on the marriage of his daughter which had recently taken place, dilated on the excellent character of his son-in-law, and regaled her nostrils with frequent supplies from her snuff-box. She was joined before long.

by one of the sisters, a much younger lady, of pleasing appearance and manners, who was accompanied by two little girls, that along with others were being educated by the community. The nun was attired in the habit of her Order, which, with the exception of her cap, was exclusively black. The girls were dressed in the same way, except that some parts of their attire were white. She was anxious to know what we thought of their dress,—whether there were any nuns of their Order in England,—and whether they dressed in the same way. Both she and her lay friend seemed quite interested in what was going on in the world from which they had retired, and discussed with much animation the news of the day. For all this, however, they may give themselves up to useful and charitable employments—indeed we know from the children they are educating, that some of their community must do so—and be stirring successfully after a higher life than they could live in the world; but I could not help assenting to the remark of my fellow-traveller, that our visit was enough to check any romantic feelings, with which we might have been accustomed to regard nuns.

We next proceeded to the ruins of the Castle, situated on a rising ground, just outside the town. They are fine and interesting, but by no means extensive, nor in any way to be compared with similar ruins in our own country—Chepstow, Raglan, Caernarvon, or Conway, for instance. However we ascended the tower, and had a fine view both of the city and the surrounding country. There is an ancient Church near the Castle, but it is in bad repair, and I think is not now used. We went also

into the Dominican and Franciscan Churches, but they are both Grecian erections of the ordinary Portuguese stamp, and if I recollect right, with a good deal of smart drapery about them. In Portuguese Churches there are usually two pulpits, affixed to corresponding pillars in the nave. This arrangement may be a relic of the ancient *ambones*, but it has the appearance of having been adopted for the sake of uniformity, and may almost challenge comparison with certain ecclesiastical abominations prevalent among ourselves, though happily passing away.

The Dominican Monastery, which we visited, is an extensive building, but still of the modern style. It was being repaired and adapted for a hall of justice and other civil purposes: but a part of it, or some adjoining buildings, had been appropriated to a hospital and other offices in connexion with a brotherhood consisting of members of the third order of St. Dominic. This third order is 'a kind of midway life between a convent and the world,' the members of which, both male and female, retain their own property, and continue to discharge the common duties of their worldly station, but are admitted to a portion of both the duties and privileges of their monastic brethren. We went into the sick wards of the hospital, both male and female, which seemed clean, airy and well-arranged: and no doubt the spiritual necessities of the patients would be well attended to. In one room was a number of portraits of the principal benefactors to the institution, which were of the same character as those we had previously seen. Either the Portuguese do not excel in portrait-painting, or the

people of Guimaraes are singularly unfortunate in the artists whom they employ. There were some more ancient paintings, in another part of the building, of those members of the Dominican Order who had been raised to the Episcopate and the Popedom, which were of a very different class. Amongst them was one of the holy Archbishop of Braga, Bartholomeu dos Martyres. We had a little conversation with a Dominican priest whom we met with here, who kindly showed us some MS. office books peculiar to his Order, and also accompanied us through the different apartments of the Hospital. We afterwards looked into the Franciscan Hospital, which is in a different part of the town; but there were in it but very few patients.

The population of Guimaraes is about nine thousand. It is a manufacturing town: and two of its inhabitants obtained prizes at our Great Exhibition of 1851—one for a pair of scissors; the other for a dressed skin.

We arose very early the next morning, and between five and six went to the Cathedral. It is a nice old building, but it has received some grievous mutilations without, and been miserably Italianized within. The cloisters are venerable and tolerably extensive. Even at this early hour, Mass was going on at one of the altars, and there was a good number of people in the Church, engaged in their private devotions. We were shown in the Sacristy the pelote worn by Dom João I, at the battle of Aljubarrota, which was fought August 14, 1385, and a silver altar, in the form of a triptych, representing the different events connected with our Lord's Nativity, taken from the portable chapel of Don Juan, King of

Castile, after the same battle. The anniversary of this victory is still kept at Guimarães, as a day of religious rejoicing.

We resumed our peregrination about seven o'clock, journeying towards Amarante. Our way lay up a steep mountain ascent, of some difficulty to both ourselves and our beasts, but affording us a glorious prospect of the city we had left, the plain on which it stands, the mountains by which it is surrounded, and the quintas and villages interspersed among them. We soon afterwards got on the Serra de Santo Catarina, along which the road led us up and down, here and there, on this side and on that, continually. We could not help remarking that it would be a good exercise for some of the comfortable rectors, Establishmentarian dignitaries, and Hanoverian prelates of our own land,—people who are apt to luxuriate in English comforts,—to travel in Portugal. However we had a splendid ride. The mountains at one time expanding so as to form a plain; at another, approaching, so as to contract it into a valley; and at another, huddled together, as if they would jostle one another,—with verdure sufficient to take off any appearance of barrenness,—rendered the scenery, every where magnificent, more interesting for being thus diversified. When we had passed the Serra, the road was of course less precipitous. We went over a wide expanse, bounded by the mountains of another Serra; but it was by no means a level one; we had still steep places to ascend or descend, and every here and there we came upon some pleasantly situated house or village, or other pleasing scene, which we had not looked for.

Amarante was said to be five leagues from Guimaraes: they were certainly very longitudinal ones; but owing to the misinformation we received respecting the distance from people whom we met on the way, we expected to reach it long before we did. At last however, after winding along a road, or what would be here called a *lane*, of some length, we came upon it. It is, in itself, a very poor town with some three or four thousand inhabitants, but charmingly situated on the banks of the Tamega, over which stands a noble stone bridge, the successor of that built by St. Gonçalo, the Apostle of Minho, who was born at Reconha, in the neighbourhood, at the end of the twelfth century. He was the restorer of the place, after it had lain for centuries in ruins, and died here full of good works, in 1259 or 1262. Whilst building the bridge he is said to have commanded the fishes to come up and feed his workmen; and upon their appearing, he took what the labourers required, gave the rest his blessing, and sent them back!

The first place we visited, after having refreshed ourselves at the Estalagem, was the Church, erected in honour of him by D. João iii, in 1540. It is a large and spacious building in the classical style. The high altar is raised over his tomb by eleven steps, on each side of which there is a projection of the Sanctuary, resembling an ambon. There were many votive offerings, consisting of wax models, female hair, silk sashes, net dresses, &c., hung up in acknowledgment of benefits supposed to have been obtained through his intercession: also pictures of a rude character, representing miracles, such as recovery from sickness, preservation from drown-

ing at sea, and again from death by fire, performed through the same influence. Some of these were of recent date. In the Sacristy were two wooden images, painted black, with red lips, about the size of a boy thirteen or fourteen years old, intended to represent the devil. We asked what use was made of them; and were told that when country people wished to know what the devil was like, they were brought here and shown these.

This Church belonged to a Dominican Monastery, founded also by D. João iii,—a very large building, consisting of three quadrangles, two of which are surrounded with upper and lower cloisters; but it is now desecrated in the same manner as the one we saw at Guimaraes. We could hardly restrain our indignation at seeing a noble establishment, dedicated to holy purposes, so wickedly perverted. If there were any abuses connected with it, as not improbably there may have been, the Government might rightly enough have required the Ecclesiastical authorities to rectify them; but to despoil it of its revenues, and appropriate it to civil purposes, is an outrage on every principle, not only of Christian piety, but of common justice. ‘The monks are lazy,’ says Burke, in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*. ‘Be it so. Suppose them no otherwise employed than by singing in the choir. They are as usefully employed as those who neither sing nor say. As usefully even as those who sing upon the stage. They are as usefully employed as if they worked from dawn to dark in the innumerable servile, degrading, unseemly, unmanly, and often most unwholesome and

pestiferous occupations, to which, by the social economy, so many wretches are inevitably doomed.....I am sure that no consideration, except the necessity of submitting to the yoke of Luxury, and the despotism of Fancy, who, in their own imperious way, will distribute the surplus product of the soil, can justify the toleration of such trades and employments in a well-regulated state. But, for this purpose of distribution, it seems to me, that the idle expenses of monks are quite as well directed, as the idle expenses of us lay-loiterers.' The monks, however, were not entitled merely to this negative consideration in their favour. We have it on unquestionable testimony, that they were 'not forgetful to entertain strangers.' 'Whatever objections we may sincerely entertain against the monastic system in Portugal,' says Mr. Kinsey in 1827, whose 'Protestantism' no one who has read his book can question, 'it would be unjust as well as ungrateful not to acknowledge the prompt civilities and respect which, as English travellers, we always experienced from the individual members of those convents whose interior we visited.'* Neither did they neglect to 'provide for the sick and needy.' 'An apothecary resides in the house,' wrote the same traveller of the Monastery of Alcobaça, 'and is paid by the fraternity, who give medicines gratis to the poor sick of the neighbourhood, in addition to many other charities.'† Neither did they omit to regard, as good landlords, the welfare of their tenants. Thus writes Mr. Beckford of his return from the same monastery in 1794. 'The

* Portugal Illustrated, 2nd edition, p. 438.

† Ibid. p. 447.

peasantry comfortably clad in substantial garments, looked kindly and unenviously at our splendid caravan, because their hearts were expanded by good treatment, their granaries amply stored, their flocks numerous and healthy, and their landlords, the rich monks of Alcobaça, neither griping nor tyrannical. When the Prior of Aviz stopped to converse with these good people, which he frequently did, and enquired with his usual affable benignity, 'Who taught you to till your land so neatly? to manure it with so much judgment? to raise such crops of grain? to spare your cattle all forced oppressive labour? to treat the young with so much gentleness?' the answer was prompt and uniform,—'Our indulgent masters and kind friends, the monks of the royal monastery.'* 'I was, in 1820,' writes a distinguished living Portuguese Ecclesiastic, 'a cruel enemy to the monks: but I entirely changed my sentiments when, at the fall of the Constitution of that epoch, I was sent, for a penance, to live for some time in the Congregation of of Rilha-folles, near Guimaraes. I shall never forget the quiet days I passed there;—every hour was devoted either to the service of God or that of their neighbour;—*and so little did they interfere with the politics of the time, that they did not even know the names of the ministers.* Though I had been sent thither for being a Constitutionalist, they always treated me with the greatest delicacy and civility: and they made every possible exertion to gratify one who was then only a poor student. All whom they took in lived, like myself, at

* Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaga and Batalha, pp. 164, 165.

the same table with the brethren ; and our beds were better than theirs.* When then we consider the present state of their establishments, have we not reason to fear that Portugal has yet something to go through ? Can we expect that such cruel and heartless spoliation should remain unvisited ?

On leaving the Church and Monastery, we walked a short time through the town ; but finding nothing there to interest us, we soon turned our steps to the river, along which we had a pleasant stroll. The town here looked very pretty. The houses, for the most part are white : the sun shone brightly upon them ; and none of its imperfections were discernible.

The Estalagem at which we stopped, though the best in the place, was miserable. The drafts in the eating-room were so numerous that we found it impossible to get out of their way. Our sleeping apartment was a small closet, opening out of the said room, without window or any other light, and almost filled with the two beds it contained. But even this is an improvement on the accommodation experienced by Mr. Kinsey. He relates that, when at Amarante, he and his companion had to content themselves for their nocturnal repose, the one with a table, the other with two forms placed close together. I ought, however, to add that we were supplied at tea with sweetmeats of a very *recherché* kind, such as we might have looked for in vain, in most English Hotels.

We left early next morning for Lamego, right glad to

* See the work of St. Pedro Diniez, *Das ordens religiosas em Portugal* : Lisbon, 1853. p. 83.

get away ; and most exhilarating did we find the change from the gloom and dirt and discomfort of the Estalagem, and the narrow and filthy streets of the town, to the clear morning air, the bright beams of the sun, and the glorious scenery by which we were soon surrounded. Almost as soon as we were out of the town, we began to ascend the pass of Amarante, by a road equal to any that could be found in our own country. Each side of the pass was clothed with magnificent verdure ; and the higher we ascended, the more glorious did the scene become. We looked up, and there were the mountain-heights towering in majesty above us, covered with pine trees. We looked down, and there was a deep and narrow ravine, the bottom of which we were unable to discern, both on account of its depth, and of the trees and shrubs with which the intervening declivity was covered. We looked across, and the other side of the pass, 'dressed in living green,' presented a view similar to that along which we were going. We turned and gazed behind, and there, at the end of the long and beauteous slope, up which we had travelled, lay sparkling in the sun, the town we had so lately left. As we approached the summit, vegetation seemed gradually to languish : the trees were neither so thick nor so forward : the herbage became more scanty, and less bright and lively, until at length there was almost an appearance of wildness and desolation. The descent of the pass partook of this character for a considerable distance. The heights under which we were proceeding were bare, or thinly covered with trees of stunted growth, scattered here and there, few and distant : whilst the other side

was lined with mountains, whose tops were sometimes brought together like sea-waves, while their bases were far, far below, out of our sight. The scenery could scarcely be said to be beautiful; but it was grand and majestic, and struck us the more, from the contrast it afforded to what we had just before passed through. However, as we got farther down, it became softer and more pleasing, and the verdure increased in richness and luxuriance; but still, it was altogether of a different character from that on the ascent. When we had come to the bottom, we went up a pretty bit of road towards Mezaõfrio, on this side of which we found a very nice little Estalagem, which almost partook of the character of a village inn in England. There was one thing, however, which would go far to destroy the similarity. On the outside, near the front door, was a small rude painting of the Crucifixion, with souls below among the flames in Purgatory, and an inscription entreating passers by to have pity on them: while a hole in the wall, communicating with a box in the inside, had been made for the reception of alms, to be expended in masses for their behalf. We had already seen many such pictures and inscriptions, which are very common in this part of the world. The view from the inn was splendid, comprising the neighbouring village, a fertile and diversified country, with woods, hills and mountains near at hand. Were this place in England, it would be much resorted to for the sake of the prospect. We made a comfortable meal, in a nice, clean and tidy room, furnished with a fire-place,—a thing here not commonly

† with—and often in the future course of our travels,

did we call to mind this little unpretending house of entertainment, and wish that it could but have gone along with us. After our meal, we set off to walk a short distance, leaving our mules and muleteer to overtake us, when sufficiently rested and refreshed. We went through Mezazfrio, a long, straggling, untidy place, in which we saw nothing to remark but a convent, shut up, and apparently altogether disused. This, however is the character of most Portuguese towns and villages:— they are sadly deficient in *neatness*; there is an untidy, desolate, uncomfortable look about them, which strikes an Englishman at first sight. We had walked at least two miles before we were rejoined by our animals, which was more than we had calculated upon, and immediately after, we came to the Douro, along which lay the chief part of our remaining journey. Its banks were steep and precipitous, and withal very beautiful, being principally covered with vines down to the water-edge. We were now in the midst of the wine country, and could see here and there among the vineyards, quintas which, during the vintage, are occupied by the merchants. We crossed the river, in a ferry, just below Pezo da Regoa, and ascended a steep and narrow lane on the opposite bank, (from which, however, we had a magnificent prospect,) towards Lamego. This brought us on to an excellent road; and ere long, early in the afternoon we entered the city of our destination. It lies very high, for we had done nothing but go up, for more than a league, since we crossed the Douro, but it is a nasty, stinking, gloomy, disagreeable place; and the *estalagem*, at which we put up, was of a corres-

ponding character. It was situated in a street, across which the inhabitants might almost have shaken hands from the opposite windows, whilst for dirt and discomfort, it surpassed all we had hitherto encountered. We were placed aloft, in a room which had to serve all purposes, through whose windows it was impossible to see, as they had evidently never been cleaned since they were placed where they were: and although our past experience of Portugal had prevented our being very fastidious, yet was it with difficulty we could obtain any thing that we were able to eat.

We visited the Cathedral, the west front of which is ancient and well worthy of ecclesiological study, but the rest of the edifice is only about eighty years old, and built in the tasteless and incongruous style of the age. We also went into the Church called Almacave, wherein was held in 1148, the first Cortes, (real or fabulous.) Here the military election of Affonso 1 to be King of Portugal, and independent of the Sovereign of Castile, was confirmed by the assembled nobles, prelates, and commons of the land. Here was he crowned by the Archbishop of Braga. And here were passed the famous laws of Lamego, regulating the succession to the throne, the rights and qualifications of nobility, and the punishments of different crimes. The church, however, has been so thoroughly modernized, as scarcely to retain any marks of its antiquity about it.

In the evening we addressed a Latin letter to the bishop, describing ourselves as priests of the Anglican Church, interested in the study of Ecclesiastical Antiquities, and requesting permission to see the Episcopal

library. A verbal answer of assent was returned without delay, and so we proceeded forthwith to the palace. It is an extensive building, not far from the Cathedral, of the same character as the houses in Portugal usually are which are occupied by the nobility; but a portion of it has been appropriated to civic purposes. It stands in an open space, on the opposite side of which are the Diocesan Seminary and the Infirmary, two very respectable looking erections. We were received by two ecclesiastics, more like gentlemen than most whom we had seen, who courteously showed us several apartments of the palace—the bishop's private chapel, which was elegantly fitted up,—the room where he received his assembled clergy,—other rooms, hung with ancient tapestry in good preservation,—and at last conducted us to the library. This was a noble apartment, and contained a splendid collection of books, treating principally on subjects of theology. Whilst we were looking amongst them, the bishop himself appeared. The man who showed us the Cathedral, told us that he was very old and very lazy. We thought that, if this were true, his old age afforded some apology for his laziness: but he did not appear more than sixty-five; so as the man had evidently overstated his age, we had reason to infer that he had at least *exaggerated* with regard to the other infirmity. At any rate he betrayed no inactivity in his interview with us. He was dressed in a cloth cassock, furnished with a cape, and had suspended from his neck a pectoral cross, and on his finger a ring, the usual insignia in the Roman Communion, of the Episcopal office. He appeared a cheerful, good-tempered, affable

old gentleman, anxious that we should see whatever he thought likely to interest us, and on our departure, attended us to the outer door of his dwelling.

Lamego contains about three or four thousand people. We found in it two book-shops, but they were of a very inferior description, such as in England would only be met with in back streets and outskirts. It possessed no attractions to detain us; and so, at five o'clock the following morning, we turned our backs upon it, and set off for Viseu. We had before us a long and weary day's journey; but on we proceeded, and ere the day came to a close it was accomplished. Our muleteer was unacquainted with the way, and so, as it was not very direct, nor easy to find, we engaged a guide. We halted a short time at Tarouca, where was the first Cistercian house in Portugal, about three leagues from Lamego, for the refreshment of our mules: and in the meantime I went into the Church, where the priest was just finishing the celebration of Mass. He was served by a little shabby boy in his ordinary dress, or rather his ordinary rags, without any ecclesiastical garment whatever. There were about four or five persons present. The Church was of the usual character; but it afforded me a very acceptable shelter against the heat of the sun, which was beginning to be felt severely. In the course of the morning we came in view of the Estrella mountains, at the distance of not less than forty-five miles. We observed at first something peculiar on the summit of one of the peaks, and imagined it to be a cloud; but when we advanced a little further, we perceived it to be snow. About the middle of the day we stopped again

at Villa Cova, a miserable village consisting of mud hovels, such as I suppose are found in the worst parts of Ireland. The venda seemed so wretched that we did not enter it, but having obtained some bread and hard-boiled eggs, went and made our luncheon in the open air, outside the village. We saw here, however, as in most other places, a lot of people, both men and women, lounging about doing nothing, and looking as if they had nothing to do. We found the sun very hot. With this exception we had experienced no inconvenience from the climate; but when the sun was out in the middle of the day, it was impossible to ride without being shaded by our umbrellas. Indeed as it was, it took such an effect on my face as absolutely to produce incisions on it. My fellow-traveller told me he thought my nose would fall off, and so I should become like Sir William Davenant, the author of Gondibert. Our way to day lay principally over heath-covered plains, with here and there a steep hill or two, and was anything but interesting. We were told at one village through which we passed, that the distance to Viseu was three short leagues, and the road was good. We found the exact contrary to be the case: the leagues were long and the road was bad. Indeed but one thing is wanted to render the travelling accommodations of this country perfect *in their way*,—viz. that turnpikes should be set up, and heavy tolls exacted. The power of uncivilized absurdity could then no farther go. We saw Viseu from a considerable distance. It is pleasantly situated on the slope of an eminence, somewhat high up. The scenery improved as we approached it. The sun was just going

down: and to our left were the rosy-tinted summits of the Estrella mountains, whilst far away to our right appeared the peaks of the Serra de Alcoba, in sober brown.

We reached Viseu about seven o'clock, and proceeded at once to the Estalagem, which we were happy to find of a better description than we had lately met with. The city, too, though small, containing about seven thousand inhabitants, is much superior to either Lamego or Amarante. Dom Duarte (Edward) the Eloquent, eldest son of D. João 1, and who succeeded his father in the throne, was born here in 1391. Its highest part is occupied by the Cathedral, which we visited on the following day. All the Portuguese Cathedrals are small, but the general effect of this was more solemn than of any we had yet seen. The stalls in the choir were modern, but in good taste: there had, however, been some churchwardenizing in other particulars. We went into the choir in the west gallery, which was furnished with seats for the different functionaries, according to their Cathedral rank; and afterwards to the roof, from which we had a good view of the city and neighbourhood. The Bishop's palace has been converted into barracks, and he now lives two or three miles out of the city. We enquired what services were held in the Cathedral, and were told none but Mass. Sermons, too, are only preached in Lent, and on great Festivals. In the Sacristy we saw some pictures by Gran Vesco, the only painter of note that Portugal has produced. He lived in the fifteenth century. They were the Baptism of our Lord. The Descent of the HOLY GHOST, in which

while only one fiery tongue appeared over the head of each Apostle, there were several over the Blessed Virgin,—St. Peter attired as a Pope, with a tiara, cope, boss, and Breviary,—and in another part of the Cathedral, where it blocked up a noble monument of a former Bishop, the Crucifixion, in which St. Mary was represented in the foreground as fainting, and Judas hanging in the distance, with his soul passing out of his mouth, and taken by the Devil. There was a small representation below of the Descent into Hell, in which our Lord was accompanied by St. John the Baptist. The pictures showed vigour of conception, with boldness and distinctness of outline, but they had none of that softness and finish which characterize the works of Raffaele and Carlo Dolce. In one of the Chapels in the nave, there was a picture of the Institution of the Lord's Supper, by an amateur artist of the present day, of which the man who showed us the Cathedral, seemed to think far more than of those we had just been looking at; but it savoured so strongly, in every respect, of the nineteenth century, that a very short survey of it was sufficient for us. He told us that there were other paintings of Gran Vesco in the Chapter-room, but that the key of it was kept by the President of the Chapter, who resided at the Episcopal Seminary. We accordingly repaired to the Seminary, in hope of obtaining a sight of them. It is an extensive, but very plain building, well situated in an open space, on the edge of the city. We had been told that it contained a magnificent stair-case: we found the one that was meant, but its magnificence did not strike us. There was a large number of the students in front

of the Seminary, dressed in cassocks, black cloaks, and caps something of the shape of a chimney-sweeper's, but hanging down considerably lower from the back of the head. They were an uncouth set, and stood staring at us in a barbarous fashion; nevertheless they imparted to the place a sort of academical appearance. We enquired for the President of the Chapter, and were told that he was dining. We went about an hour after, and enquired again, and were told that he was sleeping, and would not conclude his repose until four o'clock. We wrote him a Latin epistle, requesting to be shown the pictures, and were directed to call on him at six. We did so, and he came out of his room, and put into our hands a communication in the same language, promising to admit us into the Chapter-house, at eight o'clock the following morning; but as we were to leave Viseu before then, his promise was of no avail. He was a very old man, who evidently could not be put out of his way, or we should probably have pressed him to afford us his good offices that evening. As it was, our endeavours had to go for nothing.

It was some satisfaction to be at a decent Estalagem; but even here our beds were not made until late in the afternoon,—a piece of slovenly neglect which we afterwards experienced at Batalha. The habits of the people, too, are very uncouth. Whilst we were at our meals in the eating-room, a stout, vulgar-looking fellow made a point of perambulating the apartment, with a cigar in his mouth, as if he wished to see what he could of monsters who had come from beyond the sea. In the evening we encountered a more civilized person, a native,

though not a resident of Viseu, who had travelled a good deal in England, and seemed fully sensible of the backwardness of his own country, which he attributed to the deficiencies of the Government.

We were going hence among the mountains, and so provided ourselves with a basket, stocked with provisions, which we expected to find necessary. We had, however, to go into two or three shops, before we could obtain a little salt! We also engaged a guide to accompany us to Cea. The fellow who came with us from Lamego, on our arrival at Viseu, being anxious to be paid immediately that he might return early in the morning, was furnished with a half-sovereign to get changed,* and went off with it, being more than four times the amount due to him, as he had been paid a portion on the way. He also stole my palhoça, which I had intended to bring to England as a curiosity. A similar theft was attempted by the man whom we engaged at Ancora, to show us the way to Vianna; but happily he was prevented from accomplishing it. What untrustworthy scoundrels they both were!

* English sovereigns pass in Portugal, and are in fact a legal tender.

was truly a magnificent ride, through glens and ravines, a mountain on this side and a valley on that, a village gleaming some distance below, with rocks and boulders of granite of every size and shape scattered around. As we ascended we gained a view, from summit to base, of the spurs of the mountains, themselves mountains in miniature, and adding much to the beauty and novelty of the scenery.

We came at length to Nossa Senhora do Desterro. The place consisted of several chapels and two or three houses; and as we entered the kind of enclosure which they formed, we were met by a flock of black sheep, whose appearance, combined with their bleating and bells, rendered the scene pastoral and picturesque in the highest degree. One of the houses was inhabited by the Sacristan and his family, in which was a very humble apartment occupied by the Priest, an old man of rustic appearance and habits, but quite disposed to be civil. It struck me that there was quite as much difference in the worldly condition of the Bishops and some of their Clergy, in this country, as in our own. No one would think the Bishops here too well off; and therefore, if the disparity be too wide, the remedy for it would be to raise the position of the parish-priests. In England, however, the condition of the Bishops might, with great advantage, be more nearly assimilated to that of the Clergy whom they are appointed to rule. Not that the Episcopal property should be appropriated to any other than its present use. Such a measure would be most unjust and dishonest: but were the Episcopate increased five-fold, with satisfactory security against improper appointments, and the present

Episcopal incomes made to suffice for the quintupled number, it would be for the good of the Church in every way; and not least in this, that the Bishops would, as a consequence, think more of their spiritual office and less of their temporal rank, would regard the Church more as a divine institution and less as a national establishment, and being placed more on a level with their clergy in outward circumstances, would not with prelatic pomp or Erastian haughtiness, as is now sometimes* the case, hold aloof from them, dislike to be brought into their company, or think it a condescension to show a little attention to even the humblest of their body. I could say much more on this topic, but this is not the place. Indeed I should not have touched upon it thus far, had it not been suggested to me by the lowly condition of our mountain Padre.

The place where we now were, was a resort for pilgrims; and one of the houses had been built for their accommodation. It was a long barn-like erection, with stables below, and rooms above of the plainest description, the windows unglazed, with nothing to keep out the weather but shutters, and no furniture beyond a mean table and a bench. Here we passed the night, on

* I hope this word will be noted. Nothing would be more unjust than to insinuate that what I have mentioned in the text, is the *universal* result of our present system. Indeed, instances to the contrary amongst the present members of the Episcopal order, will occur to every one. But there can be no question that the rank and revenues attached to their office, tend to estrange them from the majority of their clergy, and sometimes produce the effects I have stated. 'Bishops,' says one of the holiest of their body, 'have too often been put into such easy circumstances, as to forget that they were bishops.' Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*, p, 100.

length and breadth; so we did nothing but ascend and descend the whole day, now at a fearful height, now in the valley beneath. Once or twice we heard the thunder roar beneath us, the effect of which was very solemn and grand. The two highest peaks, except one, are called the Fat and the Lean Pitcher. The highest we passed over is that of Aboço. For a considerable distance before we reached the summit, it was enveloped in a cloud, which besides proving very damp, cold and unpleasant, effectually prevented our view of any thing more than a few yards before us. When, however, it dispersed, or we got out of it—I know not which—we saw the highest peak, apparently at a short distance from us, rearing aloft its snow-capped head in solemn dignity. It is in travelling amid such scenes as these—or indeed, in such a journey as ours had been throughout, that one perceives the peculiar beauty and appropriateness of the *Itinerarium Clericorum*, a short office in the Breviary, for the use of Clergymen when travelling, which we made a point of saying each day, ere we renewed our wanderings. In one of the Collects, God is besought to be ‘a help in our setting out, a consolation in the way, a shadow in the heat, a covering in rain and cold, a support in weariness, protection in adversity, a staff in slippery places, a harbour in shipwreck.’ How much more applicable do such petitions appear to pilgrims like ourselves, than to those who are borne smoothly along a railway, or a macadamized road! No doubt when they were first provided, the circumstances of travellers in general, resembled, in some measure, our own at the present time.

The view on the other side of the Serra was fine and extensive. We descended without much difficulty, and proceeded to Paiol, a village situated on a rising plain, about the distance of a league from the mountain's base. It was a rural spot, and not unpleasant; but the Estalagem was very poor and uncomfortable, with dirty rooms, unglazed windows, and miserable accommodation altogether. The room allotted to us had no table, but was furnished with two large chests, one of which served us for a table, and the other as a bedstead; for on a bed placed upon it I passed the night, and managed to get a fair quantum of rest; my fellow-traveller being supplied with a bed in a small closet, opening into this same room. We were at least two hours before we could get any thing to eat or drink; and at last, had to content ourselves with tea made in a large mug, (the house not affording a tea-pot,) hard boiled eggs, dry bread, and preserved meat which we had brought with us. The people, too, seemed to regard us as something wonderful; for they came into our room, and stood gazing upon us, as though they had never seen such creatures before, and were a long time ere they had sufficiently satisfied their curiosity to leave us to ourselves.

I had this day a grievous loss—that of my note book, which I have no doubt dropped out of my pocket, as I was relieving myself of my great-coat, when the chill of the morning had been superseded by the increasing warmth of the ante-meridian sun. What the reader may think of my little book, of course I know not: but I can assure him that, but for this loss, it would have been much less unworthy of his reading than it now is.

It would have contained detailed accounts of churches and convents, and particular descriptions of scenes and places, which I have now only been able to speak of generally, or even compelled to pass over in silence: possibly the heaviness of its pages might have been relieved by the record of light and amusing incidents,—for some such I certainly noted,—which have now altogether escaped me. I sat up till a late hour, trying to make up my loss by committing to paper the recollections I still retained; but with all my efforts, and the kind assistance of my fellow-traveller besides, the composition of my book has been attended with both more trouble and less satisfaction, than would have been the case, had I had the help of my original notes.

We set off from Paiol next morning, about nine o'clock, in order to get as near as we could to Thomar, to which no one in the village could tell us the distance. We proceeded, under the guidance of a native, a league and a half over an uninteresting road, to Silvares; and when we arrived there, had quite a council in the street as to the distance, and the way we were to go. Some came forth to give their advice; others apparently to be edified with the discussion; and others to gratify their curiosity with the sight of two foreigners. These mountain villages are of a miserable description. The streets are not wider than our narrowest alleys; whilst for filth, they resemble the dirtiest parts of our farm-yards. We engaged a man to conduct us to Bogas de Baixo, to which we had a beautiful ride over the sides of mountains, covered with gum-cistus, fir, and broom, which grows here to a remarkable height, and bears a very

pretty, delicate flower. Indeed there are many wild flowers in Portugal, such as our gardens can scarcely surpass. The smell, too, of the gum-cistus is very fragrant and refreshing. We were here in the midst of mountains, which bounded the horizon, and seemed to fill up the whole intermediate space. One part of the road, where we looked down on the Zezere meandering at their base, was especially lovely. We found no venda at Bogas de Baixo, but a man of the place gave each of us a glass of *vinho do paiz*, for which he refused to be paid. Even here we could not find out the distance to Thomar. We next proceeded half a league to Aironda, where the guide whom we engaged at Silvaes left us, not knowing the way beyond. He had the assurance to ask us two pintos, something more than four shillings, for having come thus far; whilst the man who accompanied us from Viseu to Cea, more than double the distance, only asked one. My experience of these mountaineers is not favourable to their character for disinterestedness and moderation: they appear very extortionate, and eager to get all they can. We supplied the place of our guide without difficulty, and then went on to Estreita, having ascertained that there was there a house, where we could be received for the night. The road continued of the same character, except that the mountains became more bold and rocky, and so imparted a wilder appearance to the scenery. As dusk came on, we found ourselves by the side of a stream, in a very deep hollow, surrounded by lofty mountains,—a most romantic spot, which, but for the closing day, we should have liked to stay and enjoy; but as it was, we

were glad to make the best of our way forward, as we did not relish the thought of being benighted in such a region. On our arrival at Estreita, we were, as usual, objects of great curiosity. The master of the house came and stared at us, and apparently sent for some of his friends to do the same ; for he was presently joined by several visitors, who set themselves down in the room where we were, and then entered into a discussion on topics of theology. One of better manners and dress than the rest, thought it a good and useful thing to read the Scriptures. Our host thought it not worth the trouble. We supped heartily off a dish of eggs and bacon, with some tolerable vinho do paiz, but could only be accommodated with one bed. I therefore slept on the floor, with my rug and other warm articles under me : but the people seemed anxious to afford us the best accommodation in their power, and on the whole we managed not so badly. We here ascertained that we were twelve leagues from Thomar.

We had the next day, an uninteresting ride to Oleiros, two leagues off, for which we started about six o'clock. When there, as we were partaking of some bread and wine in a shop of the very commonest sort, a personage, rejoicing in the dignity of Administrador do Concilio, came and made a great fuss about our passports. Mine was in my portmanteau, and could not easily be got at ; but my companion showed him his, which he made many difficulties about, and evidently was not well able to understand. However he signed and returned it, and then entered into conversation about the country, of the deficiencies of which he appeared fully sensible, remarking

that 'when JESUS CHRIST was on earth, He passed a long way from here.' The road to Sertaa, where we next halted, was much of the same character, though here and there we went through some picturesque parts; but the mountains were now sinking into hills, there were no objects of a novel or striking appearance, and moreover we were very weary from want of rest and poor accommodation last night, and so not disposed to be in a good humour with any thing. We found Sertaa one of the cleanest and best villages we had lately seen. The streets were paved, the houses whitewashed, the windows, many of them, glazed; and altogether, it had the appearance of being taken some pains with by a resident landowner. We arrived here early in the afternoon, but found that if we went forward, there was no place within a short distance where we could remain for the night; and so, being tired, we determined to stay where we were, though the Estalagem possessed but few attractions to detain us; for a more wretched habitation it was seldom my lot to be in. The people, however, provided us at once with a very good dinner—at least so it seemed to us—consisting of soup made of rice and vegetables, a roasted rabbit, bread and cheese, eggs and vinho, which we enjoyed far more than we had often done a much more luxurious one.

After dinner we walked out to a suppressed monastery in the immediate neighbourhood, which is very prettily situated: but our holy indignation was again called forth at the state in which we found it—uninhabited and going to ruin. We saw two girls go to perform their devotions before an image of our LORD bearing

without having his heart warmed and his understanding enlightened upon the subject.*

I am aware that some persons imagine such representations to be forbidden by the Second Commandment: but it is plain that that Commandment, in its literal sense, has been abrogated by the fact of our LORD'S Incarnation, just as the obligation to observe literally the Fourth, by doing no manner of work on the *seventh* day, has been done away with by His Resurrection. Moses has told us the *reason* why the Jews were forbidden to make these representations:—'Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves, *for ye saw no manner of similitude* on the day that the LORD spake unto you in Horeb out of the midst of the fire.'† But since our LORD has appeared amongst us in our own nature, the reason does not apply, and consequently the prohibition is at an end.‡

And now to pass 'from grave to gay.' On our return to the Estalagem, we had great difficulty in getting hot water for tea. Our hostess had no tea-kettle, and her vessel for boiling was of a very diminutive description, so that we could only be supplied with a little at a time. However we had with us a little tin 'Etna,' which, by the help of spirit of wine, we made boil on the ledge of the window, greatly to the amusement of the natives: and as it boiled, we emptied it, as we did also our hostess's vessel, into a capacious tea-pot. Thus, in time, we succeeded in obtaining a sufficient supply of well-

* Portugal Illustrated, pp. 294, 295.

† Deuteronomy iv. 15.

‡ See the Letter to the Bishop of Chichester, pp. 13, 14.

brewed tea, which perhaps we enjoyed all the more for the trouble it had caused us to procure it. When the arrangements for our sleeping were completed, we could not help wishing that they could be seen by our friend in England. The beds were prepared in two adjoining rooms over the stable, one opening out of the other, such as labourers in our own country would almost refuse to occupy—my friend's on the floor, mine on a chest; his placed where it was, in order, as the landlady said, to avoid contact with bugs! The circumstances in which we found ourselves this evening, prompted him to give vent to his feelings in a parody on Moore's song, 'Believe me, if all the endearing young charms,' which, though without his leave, I venture here to subjoin. It was written off hand, simply for his amusement and my own; but I am mistaken if it does not also contribute to the reader's.

Believe me, if all of these horrible beds
 Which we sleep on so badly at night,
 Had bolsters and mattresses, pillows and steads,
 And sheets of the cleanest of white,
 We should still be ill off, as this moment we are,
 Let these nuisances cease as they will,
 If the mules just below, and just under the stair,
 Were standing and stinking there still.

It is not the fare, and it is not the wine,
 Though better than either might be,
 It is not hard eggs, and no forks, when we dine,
 And no *agua fervente** for tea:
 The mule that is truly so, never gives o'er
 His champing by day and his smells;
 While at night he frights men by his kicking the floor,
 And the devil by ringing his bells.

i. e. boiling water.

delightful at first, palls ere long, and we felt as if we had seen sufficient of it to satisfy us for the rest of our lives. We rejoiced too in the prospect of being once more in a civilized region. On the whole, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our tour. The beauty, grandeur, and novelty of many of the scenes of our pilgrimage, had well repaid us for all we had gone through: still I could not help feeling that when next I travelled, I should wish it to be in a country that was not quite so deficient in the common comforts of civilized life—that had at least passed the stage of barbarism.

CHAPTER VI.

Thomar.—Satisfactory Estalagem.—Church of São João Baptista.—of S. Maria dos Olivaeas.—Convent of the Order of CHRIST.—Count of Thomar and Bishop Cosin.—Ruins of the Castle.—Cotton Manufactory.—Scholastic instruction in Portugal.—Prevalence of Cis-montane principles in the Church, and whence arising.—Ourem.—Church.—Castle.—Untrustworthy guide.—Batalha.—Glorious Conventual Church.—Founder's Chapel.—Chapter House.—Cloisters.—D. Manoel's Chapel.—Ballad.—The Sabbath and the Lord's day.—Low Mass.—Beckford's account of High Mass in 1794.—The Monks, and their mode of life before the Suppression.—Former parish-church.—Abraão.—Santarem.—Theatre.—Churches.—Estalagem.—Uncivilized behaviour of the people.—Boat down the Canal.—Passengers.—Steamer down the Tagus.—Portuguese lack of enterprise.—The Tagus.—Country on its banks.—Arrival at Lisbon, and Custom-house examination.

WE reached Thomar about five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, May 18. It is a very pretty, clean-looking town, pleasantly situated on the river Nabao, with tolerably wide streets, and a good *praça* or square. The modern 'villa' was built by Dom Gualdim Paez, Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templars towards 1146, and just answers one's ideal of a foreign Cathedral city. Such in fact it is likely to become, as it is in agitation to transfer the Bishoprick to it from Leiria, distant about eight leagues. The population is not quite four thousand. We found here a very comfortable inn, the *Comoros*, greatly to our delight: and yet an untravelled Englishman would be again surprised at our saying so; for the walls of the eating-room were whitewashed, the roof was uncieled, and the door did not reach the top

the King being Grand Master of the Order, and generally bestowed on royal favourites. Having ascended a noble flight of steps, we passed into the Church through a beautiful cloistered court wherein several knights had been buried, something like that of Magdalen College, Oxford, though not so large. As we entered the Church, we of course took off our hats, but were told to put them on again, as it was now desecrated. The sanctuary is circular, and in the centre of it the high altar, under an octagonal canopy of stone, gorgeously gilt and painted, and supported by very massive pillars. The knights used to occupy a choir at the west, which took up full half of the nave. On the south is a stone pulpit, handsomely painted and gilt, and corresponding to it, on the north, an exact representation, painted on the wall, for the sake, I suppose, of uniformity. The roof of the nave is of stone and very rich: that of the sanctuary is plastered, in order, apparently, to admit of being decorated with painted shields, &c. It is evident that the Church had in many particulars, suffered miserably from *improvements* before the suppression. The great entrance on the south is indescribably rich, adorned with images of the Virgin and CHILD, of Bishops, Saints and Doctors of the Church. The west end too is covered with gorgeous carving. The Church bell is the largest in Portugal. The Chapter-house, built by D. Manoel, is a long low room, with a stone roof, under the Coro Alto. The Sacristy is a Grecian building, with gilt roof, and other corresponding decorations. Each brother had three rooms or cells—one a huge fire-place, one a bed-chamber, and one a sitting-room. They all opened into two long

galleries, one of which formed right angles with the other, in the shape of a T with long arms. The infirmary is also a long gallery, with an altar at one end, at which the holy mysteries were accustomed to be celebrated for the comfort and benefit of the invalids. Beyond the infirmary is the dining-hall, a room with an octagonal painted roof, in which the brothers appear to have sat round a table of an octagonal form. From a window at the end is a magnificent view of the town and a wide expanse of country. Indeed there are enchanting prospects from almost every quarter. This monastery must have been a most delightful residence. It is far larger than our largest Colleges: indeed I should think it as large as Trinity, St. John's and Queen's, at Cambridge, put together. There are seven quadrangles, but the styles in which they are built are very different. Some of the cloisters are rich and ecclesiastical, some classical, and some poor and plain. Many parts of the place are now in ruins. Wax, belonging, we concluded, to the person in charge, was bleaching on the roof. One or two of the rooms were used for making railway drawings; and a portion of the building has been purchased of the Government by the Count of Thomar, who makes it his residence. How different the conduct of Bishop Cosin, with respect to Auckland Castle, after the Great Rebellion! 'This, the chief country seat of the Bishops of Durham,' we are told by Dugdale, 'was, upon the seizure of the Bishop's land, bestowed upon Sir Arthur Haselrigg; who designing to make it his principal seat, and not liking the old-fashioned building, resolved to erect a new and beautiful fabric, all of one

pile, according to the most elegant fashion of those times. To fit himself therefore with materials for this his new house, he pulled down a most magnificent and large chapel, built by Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham in the time of King Edward the First; with the stone whereof, and an addition of what was deficient, he erected his new fabric in a large court, on the east side of the Castle. But Bishop Cosin, soon after his consecration, taking notice that the greatest part of the materials, used in that building, were taken from the above-mentioned consecrated Chapel, not only refused to make use of it for his habitation, though it was commodiously contrived, and nobly built, but took it wholly down, and with the stone thereof, built another beautiful chapel on the north side of that great court.* I recommended my fellow-traveller to send the Count a copy of his edition of Spelman's History and Fate of Sacrilege. The sight of this monastery confirmed our apprehensions for Portugal: for we could not but feel that if

‘God uproots the Sovereign

That would His Church uproot’†

or despoil, the people who are content to have it so, must not expect to escape unpunished. Well: whatever their punishment, and come when it may, may it (please God) fall on them lightly, and still have the effect of leading them to repentance and restitution.

From the Convent we went to the Castle, which is situated hard by, and was formerly the palace of Queen Catherine, wife of D. Joao III. It is now in ruins, but

* Cosin's Works, vol. i., pp. xxx, xxxi.

† Coxse's Christian Ballads, p. 76.

we had from it a very extensive view, including the town and river, with an undulating plain covered with vineyards, and cultivated fields. We afterwards went over a Cotton-Manufactory, which gives employment to about three hundred people within the walls, and about one hundred at their own homes. Men and women work together in the same rooms, and all are paid for six days in the week, whether holy-days occur or not. The son of the chief proprietor courteously showed us through the place, and pointed out what he considered worthy of observation; but I know nothing about manufactories, and take little interest in them; so I will say no more about this, except that the people employed seemed cheerful and happy. In connexion with it, we saw a lot of girls and women, standing up to their calves in water, in a sort of tank, by the side of the river, washing the cotton. Their work appeared to inspire them with merriment, for some of them were warbling away lustily. We also mounted, greatly to our fatigue, by I know not how many flights of steps, a lofty elevation, on which stands the Chapel of Nossa Senhora da Piedade, wherein, we found nothing to repay us for our trouble, though on the outside we had another glorious view. In the course of our walk we overtook a little boy returning from school, with two books, which, as I was desirous to learn what I could of the nature of scholastic instruction in Portugal, I took out of his hand and looked at. One was a sort of explanation of the arts and sciences, natural philosophy, &c., like Blair's Universal Preceptor; and the other a Portuguese abridgement of the Montpelier Catechism. The original is a Jansenist work. There

might be none of the peculiarities of Jansenism in this; but the use of a book derived from such a source, seems to accord with the theological character of the country, which, for many years, has not been remarkable for its subservience to the Roman See. This indifference with regard to the Papal authority, was first occasioned by the refusal of the Pope, when the Castilian usurpation had come to an end, to grant bulls for the consecration of the Bishops appointed by D. João IV. Up to this time the Portuguese Church had been very ultra-montane in its notions: but when, in deference to Spain, during the war of Independence (1640—1668), she was almost deprived of her Episcopate—for at one time she had but one Bishop left—this naturally produced a revolution in her sentiments, and caused the claims of Rome to be henceforth acknowledged with far less submission, than they had been previously. The ‘*Tentativa Theologica*’ of Antonio Pereira, a Portuguese ecclesiastic, written about the middle of the last century, is one of the most able defences of Episcopal rights against Papal encroachment and usurpation, that exist in any language; and I am told that some of the text books in use at the present day in the University of Coimbra, are in the *Index Expurgatorius*. This shows that the Portuguese Church is not now disposed to pay unqualified obedience to the decisions of the Papal chair: but it could hardly prove a matter of surprise if the treatment she receives at the hands of the Government, should eventually lead her, in self defence, to attach herself to it more closely. We know that such has been the case with the Church of France, the temper of which has quite changed within

the last few years. Formerly it was notoriously less devoted to the Papal interests than any portion of the Roman Communion: but now, mainly in consequence of the discouragement and suspicion to which it was subject in the reign of Louis Philippe, there are probably few parts of his fold where his Holiness is more looked up to, and has more real influence. But to proceed with our journey.

We set off at six o'clock the next morning for Ourem, which we reached at ten. The country through which we passed was, for the most part, pretty; but the road indifferent. Ourem is a city, or rather a town, 'set on a hill,' and so became visible at a great distance. The road to it is remarkably steep, and tried both ourselves, our attendants, and our animals to mount it. The town itself is walled round, and appeared old, untidy, desolate and ruinous. As we passed through it, a set of yelping curs pursued us with all the canine rage and spite they could exhibit. It contained no Estalagem, but we found a man to receive us into his house, and provide us with some homely refreshment, who also procured for our mules admission into the stable of the Padre. We went into one of the Churches, a large Grecian building, with a picture, over the high altar, of the Blessed Virgin, her robe held up by angels, and a number of people, Bishops, &c., taking refuge under it. The priest, a middle-aged man, in a brown coat, blue trowsers and waistcoat, a Roman collar, and boots into which his trowsers were stuffed, was inside, and remarked to me that it was a large temple; but as I do not speak Portuguese, I was unable to converse with him. Beneath the Church is a

handsome monument of the founder, Dom Affonso, Marquis of Veira and Count of Ourem, who died in 1460. He is represented lying at full length, dressed in a gown, a cap on his head, and his hands on his breast in attitude of prayer. We also went to the Castle, a fine old ruin, nobly situated, which must have commanded the country on every side, to a very considerable distance. The view was very extensive, but somewhat of a *stare*, with no object very prominent. The colours here of the trees, shrubs and flowers are very beautiful. There is a freshness in the light green, a delicacy in the yellow, and a brightness in the blue and scarlet, to which, in England, we have nothing equal.

We left Ourem about one o'clock for Batalha, having engaged the man who provided us with refreshment—his charge for which, by the way, was so exorbitant as to amount to dishonesty—to act as our guide. He assured us that he knew the way as well as he knew the palm of his hand; but ere we had proceeded far, he had to make enquiries, and showed that he knew little or nothing about it. In fact he led us miles out of the road, and on being reproached with it, slunk behind, and left us, when we were but a short distance from our place of destination. We expected to see him no more; but early next morning, before we were up, he actually made his appearance to be paid for his guidance. He was told that he should have nothing; but upon this he began to cry, and said he had only five reis (about a farthing) to take him home, so we gave him two testoons (about eleven pence) and dismissed him.

We ought to have reached Batalha by five or half

past, whereas we did not enter it till after seven. The road at first was dull and ugly, being principally over a heath; but it improved as we drew near Batalha, which is situated in a valley. One part, where we descended a steep declivity, at the bottom of which lay the village (I think) of Redondo, was really quite picturesque. We were glad to find, at the end of our journey, a tolerably comfortable inn. At night we parted, with the expression of mutual good wishes, from our muleteer, who had accompanied us all the way from Vianna, and on the whole served us very well.

As soon as we got in, we went to the Conventual Church, which formerly belonged to the Dominicans, a structure of stupendous magnificence, the architectural glory of Portugal. Thus we first saw it in the dusky twilight, a time not unfavourable for a general view, as the gloom of departing day was calculated to increase our impressions of its solemnity and grandeur. We of course returned to it the following day for a more particular examination. It stands in the centre of an open space, around which are built the houses of the village. How it strikes one on first entering! The long and lofty nave, eight massive piers on each side, to which however their height imparts an appearance of lightness, the sombre aisles, the noble clerestory and vaulted roof,—all together in a manner *awed* us with a sense of its sublimity. This feeling is much increased in consequence of there being nothing to impede the view—no pews, no organ-gallery, and such like obstructions, which in our English Cathedrals are so common. Here the space is open, and all is visible at once.

The Church suffered miserably from the devastations of the French, but is now being restored by the Government, at the instigation of Dom Ferdinand, the present King Regent. The style is what *we* should call Early English, verging upon the Decorated. The length of the choir but ill corresponds with that of the nave, and the furniture of the high altar is very shabby and tawdry. There are four other altars,—two at the east side of each transept. The east windows have some ancient stained glass, though of no very striking character: but those of the aisles and clerestory have been lately filled with plain coloured glass, of an almost beggarly description.

At the south west of the nave is the Chapel of the Founder, Dom João the First, a most superb erection, sixty-six feet square, distinct from the main building, but entered from it through a beautiful arch. The tomb of himself and his excellent queen, Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, is in the centre, under a lofty lantern, supported by eight pillars. They are represented in marble, lying side by side on a slab about seven feet from the ground. She died of the plague in 1416, in the arms of her husband, who, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his council, never left her bedside. He died August 14, 1433, the anniversary of the day on which he gained the great victory of Aljubarotta, in honour of which he founded this noble Church and the Convent to which it belonged. The helmet which he wore in that battle, is kept in the sacristy, as well as his sword, and is so weighty that one cannot but wonder how he could ever have borne it on his head. His eldest son, Dom Duarte, by whom he was

succeeded in the throne, and who completed the nave of the Church, is buried with his Queen before the high altar; but his four remaining sons, Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, Dom Henrique, Duke of Viseu, Dom João, and Dom Fernando, rest in the same Chapel with their parents, and have their separate tombs, adorned in harmony with the general design, under a row of arches crocketed and pinnacled, at the south side.—Dom Pedro was for eleven years Regent of the kingdom during the minority of his nephew, Dom Affonso the Fifth, and was killed with his son Dom Jaime, at the battle of Alfarrobeira, in 1449. The king, by whose jealousy the battle was occasioned, forbade them to be buried; but some peasants were bold enough to disregard his prohibition and to bury them in the Church of Alverca; and six years after, through the intercession of the Queen, who was Dom Pedro's daughter, their remains were removed to their present resting-place.—Dom Henrique departed this life in 1460, at his observatory at Cape St. Vincent. He was much given to scientific pursuits; and it is to his researches that his countrymen were mainly indebted for their maritime discoveries in the next century.—Dom João died in 1442: he was an amiable and religious prince and had a particular devotion to our Lord's Passion.—And Dom Fernando died in Fez in 1443, after having endured a cruel captivity of seven years, with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation. His body was recovered in 1471, in exchange for one of the sons of the King of Fez, who had been taken prisoner by the Portuguese, at the capture of Arzilla.—The chapel where all these repose, strikes one as fitted in every

way for the last earthly abode of kings and princes—a calm, secluded, unworldly spot,—the solemn grandeur, and sacred stillness of which can hardly fail to inspire thoughts both of the vanity of earthly greatness, and of the glory of that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, which is prepared for all those who die in the LORD.

To the north of the Choir, but separated from it by the Sacristy, is the Chapter-house, an exquisite room, sixty-four feet square, with handsome windows and beautiful vaulted roof. Here are buried Dom Affonso the Fifth and his grandson, Dom Affonso, the only legitimate son of D. João the Second. The latter was killed by a fall from his horse, on the banks of the Tagus near Santarem, about eight months after his marriage to Isabel of Castile. When thus unhappily cut off, he was only seventeen years old. Their tombs, which were destroyed by the French, have been replaced by two wooden cases.

It is impossible to give any idea of the magnificence of the Cloisters, which lie to the west of the Chapter-house, alongside of the Nave. They enclose a square of a hundred and eighty feet, each side containing seven windows of from three to six lights, and surmounted by deep tracery of the richest character. At the north west corner is a lovely fountain, of most delicate workmanship.

East of the Choir is the unfinished Chapel of Dom Manoel. It is an octagon, at each side of which is a lofty arch, forming the entrance to a chapel lighted by three splendid lancet windows. Over these are massive and highly wrought pillars, which however have been

carried up but a little way. The richness, beauty, and grandeur of the work are beyond description. The architect was Matheus Fernandez; but on his death in 1515, no one was found able to carry out his design; so the Chapel remains unroofed and incomplete. Some one, indeed, attempted to carry it on; but the little he did was so unworthy of what had been done by his predecessor, that he was not permitted to proceed. Had it been completed, the Founder's tomb would have occupied the centre, while each of the surrounding Chapels would have been appropriated to some member of his own family, or to some preceding Sovereign.

The west door of the Church is wonderfully magnificent. It is surmounted by the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin in stone, below which are the twelve Apostles in niches, our Lord and the four Evangelists, while images of Saints, &c., in great numbers form the soffits of the entrance. The lantern of the Founder's Chapel was originally surmounted by an octagonal spire, but this was thrown down in the great earthquake of 1755. There was also another spire at the north west of the north transept, which was destroyed by lightning about thirty years ago. It is now, however, being rebuilt. The exterior length of the building is four hundred and sixteen feet: the interior, two hundred and sixty-six feet: and the height to the apex of the vaulting, ninety feet.

This Church, and no wonder, once more inspired the muse of my friend; and next morning, again on horse-back, he produced the following ballad. It has already appeared, with some alterations, in the Churchman's

Companion for last July ; but I give it with the author's permission, as it was originally written, and I am sure the reader will be glad to see it thus reprinted.

BATALHA.

We were kneeling in Batalha, about the dawn of day,
When the aisles were dim and shadowy, and the roof was wan and
grey,

Hard by our own Philippa's tomb, where, neath that royal pile,
Upon the cold and marble lips still dwells a heav'nly smile.
And by her victor-husband's side, through HIM THAT died to
save,

She testifies that earthly love is mightier than the grave.
And we thought of our dear land and hers, that lies beyond the sea,
And we prayed for swift and safe return, if God's good pleasure be.
Then, once more gazing on the scene, we turn'd and went our way,
For o'er the mountains, many a league, our weary journey lay.
But ne'er to see such church as this—so thought we as we pass'd—
Till we reach the New Jerusalem, which God us grant at last.

Yet wherefore for our country sigh? To us, where'er we roam,
All Europe is an heritage, and all the Church a home :
There's not a lordly spire that cuts against the clear blue sky,
There's not a little village shrine, where the swift stream glideth
by,

There's not an ancient hermitage by the forest lakelet's edge,
Where the winds and waters sing all day to the willows and the
sedge,

There's not a minster on the cliff with the tempest battling sore,
Where the aisles and vaultings whistle, and the wind-swept tur-
rets roar,

Nor a huge Cathedral soaring high above the city's din,
With the world's rude turmoil round about, and God's own peace
within,

Where the moon in beauty decks them, or the sun in glory paints,
But they are ours : for—' I believe the Communion of the Saints.'

But time and change have done their worst, and better year are
gone,

And by our brethren set at nought we wander on and on :

No hand to own our fellowship, no voice to bid God speed,

No lips to say that we and they in Him are one indeed.

But their injustice cannot put eternal justice by,

And their mistake can never make our truth into a lie.

One Lord we serve, one faith we hold, one hope we keep with
them,

Though weak and few, yet where and who is he that dares con-
demn ?

For that more blessed Pentecost we pant, and yearn, and long,

The Council Œcumenical, that shall right the Church's wrong.

All toil we bear, all risk we dare, till they and we are one,

His only has to speak the word, and straight it shall be done.

So on o'er heath-clad mountains, and through the vine-hung lane,
The peaceful spots of this fair land for our own dear Church to
gain.

For her we note each turret, for her we scan each spire,

For her the piers that raise the aisle, and the vault that spans the
choir :

For England's Priests are toiling to repair their Mother's loss,

And every art must bear its part in the Triumphs of the Cross,

Let wealth and lore and patience and skill and craft combine ;

Fetch the oak tree from the forest, and the metal from the mine :

Go, cull the choicest colours to deck the storied glass,

Iron for things of iron, and brass for things of brass,

And bid the quarried stone to breathe with holy emblems rife,

And flowers to blow, and plants to grow in cold metallic life.

Then that bless'd SPIRIT, WHO of yore inspir'd the workman's heart,

Again shall breathe the breath of life into the corpse of art :

Another Palestrina shall awake the Church's song,

Another Fra Angelico shall paint her blessed throng.

She shall labour in His service THAT died upon the Rood,

And labouring ' she perceiveth that her merchandise is good'—

The merchandise of many a soul from error sav'd and sin,
The merchandise that at the last a Crown of Life shall win.
So on we go, her pilgrims, in her true service found,
Where'er we turn, whate'er we do, upon her errand bound.
If we forget her in our mirth, or in our hour of ill,
Then let our own right hands forget their cunning and their skill!

A low Mass was said in the Church, between ten and eleven o'clock, at which an immense congregation was present, at least two thousand people, all apparently of the labouring class, the greater portion of whom must have come from the neighbourhood, to attend a Sunday market held here; for the entire population of the village does not exceed one thousand. Now I am no Sabbatarian. I believe that when our LORD rested in the grave on the Sabbath-day, its authority, whether as an institution of the Creation, or an ordinance of Judaism, died with HIM; and accordingly St. Paul wrote to the Colossians, 'Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath-days.' It is true, indeed, that when our SAVIOUR rose from the dead, 'the day of HIS Resurrection, with HIS sanction and probably by HIS appointment, became a religious festival, and *in some sense* took the place of the abrogated Sabbath: and so the primitive Christians especially devoted it to the holding of religious assemblies, and the celebration of holy services; but there is not the slightest evidence that it inherited the restrictions of the former institution, or that abstinence upon it from either secular labour or rational recreation, was considered to be required by any Divine command. We have, indeed, very strong evidence to the contrary. A

large proportion of the early converts were either slaves, or persons in subordinate situations, whose heathen masters could not have been expected to tolerate their abstinence on the Lord's-day from their usual employments. And yet had they thought such abstinence to have been commanded by any law of God,—had they thought it, in short, to be as imperative as it is considered by many religionists of the present day, they would have observed it even at the hazard of their lives. But though they were very careful to attend the religious assemblies which were peculiar to this day, and used every precaution to escape being detected, there is no record of any complaint, on the part of their pagan superiors, of their *neglecting* their regular labours, or on *their* part, of their being obliged to *pursue* them. I know that some persons consider that the fourth Commandment, in its literal signification, still remains in full force, with the simple exception that the first day of the week, instead of the seventh, is now to be kept holy. But this is a mere gratuitous assumption. That Commandment, without doubt, is still to be kept *in its spirit*; and this requires us to devote a portion, and perhaps a seventh portion, of our time to the direct service of God: but its positive enactments are all abrogated with the day to which they originally applied.

And yet I must confess that I should be very sorry to see the Continental mode of observing the Sunday prevail in our own country. The weekly suspension of worldly business is so beneficial to both man's animal and spiritual nature, that it would be a great calamity,—especially as so few other festivals besides the Lord's day are

at all observed,—were it allowed to be infringed upon by markets or fairs or any other system of trading. I think that Sunday recreations, if only their abuse were guarded against, and care taken that they should not interfere with the due discharge of the religious duties of the day, might be very properly and beneficially encouraged;* but the welfare, both temporal and eternal, of all classes of the community, requires that every thing should be opposed, which tends to assimilate it to other days, in respect of secular employment and toil.

Long before the Mass, people came into the Church for their private devotions. Many of them seemed very reverent, but others appeared careless, and were often talking. The women, some with white, some with red, and some with blue handkerchiefs on their heads, looked very picturesque. Ere Mass began, the Priest in a cassock, stole, and what appeared to be a cape of white linen, for it scarcely covered his shoulders, ascended the pulpit, and bid the people twenty times say the *Päter Noster*; then he knelt down and said the *Confiteor* in Latin; after which he sprinkled them with holy water. Then he announced the Rogation-days and Ascension-day, which were the four following, and the places from

* The following remarks of Bishop Horsley, which must have been written sixty or seventy years ago, are well deserving of consideration at the present day :

‘The present humour of the common people leads perhaps more to a profanation of the festival than to a superstitious rigour in the observance of it: but, in the attempt to reform, we shall do wisely to remember, that the thanks for this are chiefly due to the base spirit of puritanical hypocrisy, which in the last century opposed and defeated the wise attempts of government to regulate the recreations of the day by authority, and prevent the excesses which have actually taken place, by a rational indulgence.’

which the processions would proceed. The Mass was quite inaudible, and *appeared* to consist only of bowings and crossings and spreading out the hands. I could not help thinking that I should be very sorry to see our English use superseded by a service, so celebrated. Surely it was otherwise in Apostolic times, when the people said Amen at the giving of thanks (εὐχαριστία)*. The Priest was served at mass by a young man in a scarlet cassock, or rather tunic (for it had no sleeves,) over his ordinary clothes, but without either surplice, alb, or any other ecclesiastical robe. The whole service accorded but ill with the grandeur of the temple in which it was celebrated. 'God, indeed, is a Spirit; and they that worship HIM must worship HIM in spirit and in truth;' and for the absence of such worship, no outward pomp and solemnity will compensate. No doubt, too, where a more gorgeous service cannot be offered, HE accepts the simplest. But as men usually think no splendour too great to testify their respect for an earthly king, so surely the worship we offer, in HIS own house, to the KING of kings, ought to be attended with all the reverent magnificence of which it is capable: nor is it for HIS glory when, as in the present instance, the majesty of the place and the meanness of the service afford so painful a contrast. Here, if any where, should be seen a goodly number of priests and ministers, met for the worship of God, and carrying it on in solemn order! Here, if any where, should be heard the pealing notes of the organ, and the sweet voices of the well-trained choir, united in devotional symphony. How unlike, in every

* 1 Cor. xiv. 16.

respect, to what we had witnessed, was the service on this very spot, described by Mr. Beckford, in 1794! 'We advanced,' he says, 'in procession through courts and cloisters and porches, all constructed with admirable skill, of a beautiful grey stone, approaching in fineness of texture and apparent durability to marble....As soon as we drew near, the valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open, and we entered the nave, which reminded me of Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and of Amiens in loftiness. There is a greater plainness in the walls, less panelling, and fewer intersections in the vaulted roof; but the utmost richness of hue, at this time of day at least, was not wanting. No tapestry, however rich—no painting, however vivid, could equal the gorgeousness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows: it played flickering about in all directions, on pavement and on roof, casting over every object myriads of glowing mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches swayed to and fro by the breeze. We all partook of the gorgeous tints—the white monastic garments of my conductors seemed as it were embroidered with the brightest flowers of Paradise, and our whole procession kept advancing invested with celestial colours.

'Mass began as soon as the high prelatie powers had taken their stations. It was celebrated with no particular pomp, no glittering splendour; but the countenance and gestures of the officiating priests were characterised by a profound religious awe. The voices of the monks, clear but deep-toned, rose pealing through vast and

echoing spaces. The chant was grave and simple—its austerity mitigated in some parts by the treble of very young choristers. These sweet and innocent sounds found their way to my heart—they recalled to my memory our own beautiful Cathedral service, and—I wept! My companions, too, appeared unusually affected.*

The low Mass which we attended, was the only public service throughout the day. The Priest, however, was engaged from an early hour in the morning until after mid-day, in hearing confessions, instructing children, administering holy Baptism, &c.; but though the only clergyman belonging to the Church, I was afterwards told, he did not reside in the village. Ah! how different was it before the suppression of the Monastery! From a document written by one of the fathers in 1783, and preserved by Murphy, it appears that there were then—and probably things continued much the same to the last—forty-four resident friars, of whom twenty-five were in priest's orders, two were deacons, four novices, and thirteen lay brothers. They were governed by a prior and three subordinates, called a rector of novices, a vicar, and a master of morals. There were also two professors for teaching grammar to seculars, and another for instructing them to read and write. 'During a residence of thirteen weeks,' says Murphy, 'in this abode of peace and hospitality, I experienced every politeness and attention from the fathers, who, in every respect, consistently with the duties of their Order, practised the virtuous precepts of their sacred religion. In their mode

* Recollections, &c., pp. 81, 83, 84.

of living there appeared nothing to envy, but a great deal to admire and commend. They eat but twice in the four-and-twenty hours; dine at eleven o'clock, and sup at eight. The daily allowance of each is two small loaves, a pound and a quarter of meat, the same quantity of fish, besides soup, rice, wine and fruit: a great part of this is distributed among the poor. The rules of their Order they observe with most scrupulous rigidity; they are mustered every morning, in winter at day-break, and in summer at five o'clock; then each brings a vase full of water from the fountain to wash in before he enters the choir. Their cleanliness, regularity and exemption from the anxieties of the world, contribute to preserve their health and faculties unimpaired to a very old age.*—We have seen how differently the services of the Church were celebrated, while such an institution was in existence, from what they are at present; and may we not reasonably conclude that the people also were better shepherded, than they can now possibly be? Why then should it have been destroyed?

We went, in the evening, into a small Church, which, before the suppression of the Convent, was the parish-church of the village. It is, at present, rarely used. It was never any thing remarkable, but now it looked very untidy and desolate. Birds were flying about, having entered through the broken windows. A tawdry church, when thus neglected, looks miserable indeed.

We left Batalha about half-past six, the next morning, for Santarem. The country for the first league or so

* See the Tourist in Portugal, by W. H. Harrison, pp. 214, 215; 231, 232.

was tame and poor, when it changed, and became wild, rocky, mountainous and barren; after which it changed again, and became rich and varied. The road at first was very bad, but after some time *it* changed as well as the scenery, and became much better. About the middle of the day we stopped at Abrahão, a village of the ordinary sort, where we made a meal in a little shop, of bread, eggs, bad wine and good water. Here our present muleteer, the landlord of the inn at which we staid at Batalha, drew a contrast between our Saturday's guide, whom he denominated a *renegado*, and himself, remarking how well *he* knew the way. There might be this difference; and yet they had one point in common—that they both knew how to charge for any accommodation they afforded; for our bill this morning was higher than any we had been hitherto presented with. The rest of the way to Santarem, which we reached about five o'clock, was of much the same character. This is one of the most celebrated places in Portugal, and was formerly its capital. It was unexpectedly taken from the Moors by Affonso the First, who, in acknowledgment of its capture, founded the celebrated Cistercian Monastery of Alcobaça, which, in process of time, became one of the largest in Europe. Alas! a little time ago, it was a cambric manufactory; and now it is used for barracks!

The town is situated upon a high hill, is enclosed by a wall, and contains about eight thousand inhabitants, who seem spread over a tolerably wide surface. The theatre was until lately a Christian church, and previously a Mahometan mosque. We did not see the

interior, but the outside presented an appearance of great antiquity. We went into one church, evidently ancient, with lancet windows, but it had been subjected to repairs and 'improvements,' which had done as much as possible to destroy its pristine character. We were shown it by two boys, who raised a curtain to exhibit an image of the Blessed Virgin, and the Infant JESUS, dressed like a modern young lady and baby, their heads adorned with crowns of tinsel. We also looked into another, where Benediction was about to be given, principally filled with old women, having white handkerchiefs on their heads, who thus looked as if they belonged to a religious order.

The inn at which we took up our abode, had been but very recently erected. It is impossible, however, to praise either its arrangement or accommodation. The room in which we slept, though containing two beds, had only a borrowed light: and there were other omissions of a more serious character. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter, dated April 15, 1819, to the Duke of Buccleugh, expresses his satisfaction at learning that the Palace das Necessidades, in Lisbon, at which his Grace was then staying, possessed a certain 'useful English comfort,' evidently suggested to his thoughts by the name of the palace.* This was altogether wanting at the inn at Santarem. We had experienced the same deficiency in other places; but in a new hotel, it was hardly to be expected even in Portugal that so necessary an apartment should have been omitted.

Whilst we were at tea, a lot of fellows of the commonest sort—some of them apparently servants of the

* Life by Lockhart, vol. vi., p. 55.

Estalagem—stood and gazed upon us, and afterwards sat down at the table, and talked to one another, sometimes in whispers. We could not help contrasting this with English customs. I must confess that I do not like the Portuguese—at least, the lower orders. They are a familiar, inquisitive, uncivilized, idle, dirty, cheating, lying set. Doubtless they have their good qualities, but these must be of a very remarkable character to make up for such faults.*

At six the next morning, we rode down about half a league to a boat, which is towed down the canal by two equestrians to Villa Franca, where it meets a steamer, which goes down the Tagus to Lisbon. The passengers were of an ordinary sort, several of whom gave themselves up to smoking. One opened his portmanteau, and immersed himself in manuscripts: another appeared to be making calculations with pencil and paper: some sat with their hands before them and did nothing: and some chatted sociably with their neighbours. To me the smokers were the least agreeable, for of all things I nauseate tobacco, whether stuffed into a pipe, or formed into a cigar, or, I was going to say, pulverised into snuff; but this is by far, its most tolerable form.

‘Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society’s chief joys,

* I cannot but feel, whilst correcting the proof sheet, that I have here expressed myself too strongly. Some of the defects I have noticed are merely the result of national habits; whilst those of a more serious character are unhappily not peculiar to the Portuguese. I fear that foreigners travelling in England could often recount instances of fraud and extortion, equal to any that I met with in Portugal.

Thou art, indeed, the drug a gard'ner wants,
To poison vermin that infest his plants.'*

Southey says, 'the Portuguese never smoke, but most of them take snuff.'† Things have altered since 1796, when he was here. I did not observe more snuff-taking among them than among other people, but there was no lack of smoking.

The country on the banks of the canal was as flat and uninteresting as possible: but the wild thyme emitted a very fragrant and refreshing odour. At the juncture of the canal with the Tagus we exchanged the boat for the steamer. This is the highest point to which a steam vessel comes, whereas it would be quite practicable to proceed by water up to Madrid; but the Portuguese now lack enterprise, though in former ages they were so highly distinguished for it. Thus Funchal, the second city of the kingdom, is only six hundred miles from Lisbon, and yet there is no steam communication between them: while a steamer only proceeds from Lisbon to Oporto once in five or six days. At one place on our way we stayed full a quarter of an hour, while people were bringing in huge packages of fruit, which in England would have been conveyed by a luggage vessel, or, at any rate, have been got on board in a third of the time. But here no one seemed to think time of any value; and consistently enough, for no one seemed to have any thing to do. There were some passengers in the steamer

* Cowper.

† Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal, p. 289. This work, written when the Author was a very young man, contains sentiments, which he would not have expressed a few years later.

of a different class from those in the boat—of better manners and education. I was much amused with listening to a merry conversation between four or five gentlemen in the cabin, carried on with some gesticulation; but from not understanding the language I could not judge of the opinions, talents or intelligence of the speakers.

The Tagus is a noble river: some part of the way it was at least five or six miles broad, but before we reached Lisbon it became narrower. The country on the south bank was generally flat, but on the other side it was diversified with hills and plains, towns and villages, and planted with olives and vines. On the outskirts of the capital are many country houses, some of them in the shape of an English conventicle—square, with a roof formed by four triangles meeting in a point. This appears a favourite shape for such residences in all parts of the country.

We arrived at Lisbon, about three o'clock, and were again subjected to a Custom-house examination, more searching than any we had yet experienced. As soon as it was finished, we made the best of our way to the Braganza Hotel, where we met with every comfort we could have wished for even in England, and at a very moderate charge. Highly delighted were we to find ourselves once more in a civilized place!

CHAPTER VII.

Lisbon.—How described by former travellers.—Its present condition.—Praga do Commercio.—Statue of Dom José.—Ruins of the Carmo.—St. Roch.—Chapel of S. João Baptista.—Reservoir and Aqueduct.—Church of the Estrella.—Tombs of Donna Maria I. and her Confessor.—Beckford's description of him.—Roman Catholic ignorance of the Church of England.—Protestant ignorance and misrepresentation of the Church of Rome.—Convent and Church of St. Vincent.—Mortuary Chapel of the House of Braganga.—Cathedral.—Holy Crows.—Burials of the poor.—Vespers.—Cintra.—Marialva Palace.—Montserrat.—Rock of Lisbon.—Royal Palace.—Quinta of the Marquis of Vianna.—St. Euphemia's Fountain and Chapel.—Pena Convent.—Moorish Castle and bath.—Lisbon National Library.—Irish College.—English College.—Atmosphere of Lisbon.—High Mass at the English College Chapel.—Sermon.—Jealousy of a Portuguese priest respecting foreign preachers.—Conventual property and its purchasers.—Belem.—Vasco da Gama.—Jeromite Church and Monastery.—Castle.—Departure of the King of Portugal for England.—Nobility.—Government.—Our departure, voyage, and arrival at home.

THE situation of Lisbon, standing on several hills on the right bank of the Tagus, is truly magnificent; and so is the view of it from the river. It appears, however, from the testimony of travellers, that, a few years ago, this was all the praise it deserved. Mr. Beckford who visited it in 1787, Mr. Southey in 1796, Lord Byron in 1809, and Mr. Matthews in 1817, all speak of its filthiness as something extraordinary. 'Though travellers may have exaggerated the beauties of the view,' says the last-named writer, 'I have seen no description that does justice to the indescribable nastiness of the town. I have spoken of the view from the river as *magnificent*,

but I believe the true epithet would have been *imposing*; for it is mere deceit and delusion: the *prestige* vanishes at once on landing; and this gay and glittering city proves to be a painted sepulchre. Filth and beastliness assault you at every turn,—in their most loathsome and disgusting shapes. In yielding to first impressions, one is generally led to exaggerate; but the abominations of Lisbon are incapable of exaggeration.* Now I have no doubt that when it was written, this description was strictly true, as I have had the state of the city at a still later period, described to me by residents, in very similar terms: but I am happy to say that it is true no longer. Mr. Matthews adds in the very next page, ‘There are some streets, built since the earthquake, with trottoirs on each side, which make a handsome appearance; and with any industry on the part of the people, the whole town might be made one of the most cleanly in Europe;—the undulating nature of the ground being so well calculated for carrying away all impurities.’ What he thus represented as possible, has been actually done: the industry of the people has been exerted, and Lisbon is now one of the most cleanly cities in Europe, at least, of those I have seen. It is throughout well paved; many of its streets are macadamized, its squares are wide and handsome, its buildings good; the houses are lofty and in general white, but there are some amongst them, as I have noticed in other towns, pink, yellow, and blue. It stands on a good deal of ground, and is by no means unworthy of the beautiful site which it enjoys. It used to abound in dogs, which

* Diary of an Invalid, 2nd edition, pp. 10, 11.

proved quite a nuisance to passengers along its streets; but their number has been so much diminished, that no more are now to be met with than in any other town.

We landed at the Praça do Commercio, which is said to be the finest square in Europe. Its length is six hundred and fifteen feet, its breadth five hundred and fifty. It is open on the south, to the Tagus; but the three other sides are surrounded with buildings, comprising the Exchange, Custom House, and other public offices connected with the Commerce and Government of the country. It struck me that the appearance of the square would be improved, if these were loftier. In the centre is an immense equestrian statue in bronze of Dom José, the only one ever erected to a Portuguese Monarch, and considered a work of great excellence. The sculptor was Joaquim Machado de Castro, a native of Portugal, who died in 1822, at the age of ninety. In acknowledgment of the skill displayed in its construction, he was promoted to the rank and pay of a brigadier in the service; but the founder, Bartholomeu da Costa, also a Portuguese, who had at least as much to do with the work, and who showed equal talent in its execution, though created a knight by his Sovereign, was left to starve in a garret, and had even to petition a member of the Government for the repair of its floor: whilst a few years ago a public subscription was entered into, to relieve the wants of his surviving relatives. The inauguration of the statue was an affair of great splendour. It commenced June 6, 1775, the king's sixty-first birthday, and continued the seven following days, being celebrated with processions, spectacles, illuminations, and concerts.

A banquet on the first day, cost more than nine thousand pounds. On the front of the pedestal are the arms of Portugal, and below them a medallion containing the likeness of the Marquis of Pombal, the celebrated minister of D. José, and the chief promoter of the work. When he fell into disgrace, this was destroyed by the populace, and on being told of its destruction, he coolly replied, 'I am glad of it, for it was not like me.' It was, however, restored in 1833, by order of D. Pedro.

Our first business, the morning after our arrival, was to proceed to the office of the Peninsular Steam Company, in the Rua da Emenda, to make arrangements for our return to England, on the following Monday. We found the agent, Mr. Vanzeller, very civil and obliging. By his advice, instead of obtaining a passport for England, I procured one only for Oporto, which cost fewer pence than the other would have cost shillings, and at the same time answered every purpose.

Shortly after our return to the Hotel, we received a call from an English resident, to whom I had sent a letter of introduction the evening before, who kindly brought his carriage for the purpose of making a lionising expedition with us through the city. My companion had other engagements, so was unable to avail himself of this opportunity, but I was only too happy to do so. We drove, first of all, to the ruins of the Carmo (Carmelite Church), which was destroyed in the great earthquake of 1755. It was a magnificent Gothic structure, consisting of nave, aisles terminating in apsidal chapels, transepts and an apsidal choir. The arches were glorious: but it is melancholy to see a church in

the heart of a populous city in such a condition, and still more so to know that, in this case, it is let to a chemist, and used by him for purposes connected with his trade! Why was it not restored, and kept for the service of God? There was surely no want of means, when such enormous sums could be expended at the inauguration of a royal statue. Could it now be rescued from its degradation, and appropriated to the holy purpose for which it was originally designed? It would be a noble and glorious work. May God put it into the hearts of those who shall be able and willing to accomplish it! The adjoining convent, to which the Church used to belong, is now used as quarters for the city police. The Carmo club, which takes its name from this convent, has its apartments close by, in the house of the Count de Vallodarez, who lets them for the purpose. These consist of a reading-room, furnished with both Portuguese and Foreign newspapers, library, banqueting and ball-rooms, &c. The remainder of the house is or was occupied by the Count himself.

We next went to the Church of St. Roch, a square looking classical building, with flat painted roof, and four or five chapels on each side. The principal point of attraction is the chapel of St. Joao Baptista, which is of a very costly character, and was made at Rome, by order of D. Joao V. When completed it was set up for a time in St. Peter's, and Pope Benedict XIV. was the first to officiate at its altar. The columns and altar are composed of lapis lazuli, the altar steps of porphyry. There are also three mosaics, which have the appearance of paintings on canvas, made up of precious stones, prin-

cipally emeralds, rubies, and amethysts, representing the Annunciation, the Baptism of our Lord, and the Descent of the HOLY GHOST—certainly works of wonderful skill and beauty. The chapel is also furnished with two highly-wrought candlesticks of silver gilt, ten feet high, and three pendant lamps of frosted silver. They had been taken away by the French in 1808, to the mint, but on their expulsion were fortunately restored. They had it in contemplation to transport the whole chapel to their own country. It is a matter of thankfulness that their sacrilegious design was frustrated.

From this Church we proceeded to the Reservoir, a large covered building, like an immense bath, from which Lisbon is supplied with water, brought for the purpose, by means of a stupendous aqueduct, from Carnessas, a distance of ten miles. Some of the arches are more than two hundred and thirty feet high. It was built by D. João V, who laid the first stone in 1713, and was entirely completed in nineteen years. From the top of the Reservoir, we saw the little channels in which the water was conveyed, and had also a good view of a portion of the city, among the houses of which gardens and fields are plenteously intermingled.

We next directed our course to the Church of the Estrella, passing in our way the English Chapel and burying ground, and the residence of the Chaplain. This latter appears a very commodious and excellent house. The burial-ground, too, seemed to be nicely planted, and kept in good order; but the exterior of the Chapel is very plain. The Estrella Church and Convent, which formerly belonged to the Carmelites of St.

Theresa, were founded by D. Maria I, and so are often spoken of as 'the Queen's.' The Church somewhat reminded me of our own St. Paul's. It is not of course, so large, but there is a similarity in the architecture, and it is handsomely furnished throughout. Near the high altar, to the right, is the tomb of the Foundress, supported by lions, and surrounded by angels, bearing a medallion containing her effigy. She died in Brazil in 1816, whence her remains were brought here in 1822. For many years before her decease she was afflicted with madness of a melancholy character, which led her to despair of salvation. The tomb of her Confessor, Ignacio de São Caetano, Archbishop of Thessalonica, by whose advice she is said to have erected this building, is in the Sacristy, just behind that of his royal penitent. He died in 1788, and 'was never known,' says Southey, 'either directly or indirectly to have injured any one.'* Beckford gives the following account of him. 'The Archbishop Confessor displayed his goodly person at one of the balconies [of the royal palace]; from a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier, from a soldier a corporal, from a corporal a monk, in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour, that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil: since her accession to the throne, he is become Archbishop *in partibus*, Grand Inquisitor, and the first spring in the pre-

* Letters, &c., p. 394.

sent Government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and the just fears all its true patriots entertain of seeing it once more a Spanish province.' *

The same writer gives the following specimen of the Archbishop's conversation. 'We talked about Archbishops in England being married. 'Pray,' said the prelate, 'are not your archbishops strange fellows? consecrated in ale, houses, and good bottle companions? I have been told that mad-cap Lord Tyrawley was an archbishop at home.' You may imagine how much I laughed at this inconceivable nonsense; and though I cannot say, speaking of his Right Reverence, that 'truths divine came mended from his tongue,' it may be allowed that nonsense itself became more conspicuously nonsensical, flowing from so revered a source.' †

This ignorance respecting the ecclesiastical condition of England, was unfortunately not confined to D. Maria's Archbishop Confessor. Southey relates that his fellow-traveller was seriously asked by a Canon of the Cathedral of Lugo, 'if we had such a thing as a church in England.' ‡ Mr. Allies tells us that the present Pope, a few years ago, enquired of an English clergyman, whether we were in the habit of administering the Holy Communion once a year; and whether we passed the cup from hand to hand: || and I was myself once

* Italy with Sketches of Spain and Portugal, vol. ii, pp. 72, 73.

† Ibid. p. 170.

‡ Letters, &c., p. 43.

|| Journal in France, p. 3.

asked by a priest in Belgium, if our churches had towers or bells. He had previously asserted that the Church of England was no part of the Catholic body ; but after this enquiry, I must confess I thought his opinion of our ecclesiastical position, a matter of little consequence.

But if we are thus misunderstood by members of the Roman Communion abroad, so are they by Protestants in our own land. To give one instance : many of my readers, I dare say, are acquainted with an impudent made-up story in rhyme, respecting a Protestant son of a Roman Catholic father, who wished to force him to confession, and for that purpose brought him into conversation with a priest of his own Communion. The boy is represented as asking, first of all, what the priest would charge him for absolution, and is told, a shilling. He then enquires, does the priest confess himself ? Yes, to the Bishop. And does the Bishop confess ? Yes, to the Archbishop, who in turn confesses to some higher dignitary, until at last they arrive at the Pope as the receiver of confessions. And does the Pope confess ? Yes, to God. Well, then, the boy replies,

‘ He’s able to forgive, and always willing,

To Him I will confess, and save my shilling.’

This scandalous fabrication I first saw more than thirty years ago, when I was a very little boy, and have since known it to be repeatedly brought forward in times of ‘ No Popery ’ excitement, for the mere purpose of exciting odium and ill will against Roman Catholics. The writer, whoever he was, knew of course that the circumstances he was describing had occurred only in his own imagination ; but he probably really believed, and has been

the means of persuading others, that in the Roman Communion, no one can be absolved except by a person of higher ecclesiastical rank than himself, and that the Pope confesses to none but God. Had he known, however, what is really the case, that the Pope has his confessor as well as the humblest layman, and again that a simple priest is capable of imparting absolution even to the Pope, he could hardly have been guilty of so gross a misrepresentation; nor, were these facts generally known among Protestants, would such a production find any favour in their eyes.* In the present state of the Catholic Church, nothing is more desirable than that members of its various communions should endeavour fully to ascertain what are the *real* principles of those from whom they are estranged. Thus only can we hope to be able to influence one another for good, and by God's gracious permission, bring on the time, when 'all who profess and call themselves Christians shall hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.' The mistake of the Archbishop Confessor in his conversation with Mr. Beckford has led to a long digression, which, however, I hope the reader will pardon. The subject, according to my apprehension, is

* The object of this fable is evidently to excite prejudice against the practice of private confession. This practice may be consistently enough opposed by Protestants, but members of the Church of England will find it plainly recommended in their own Prayer Book. See the first exhortation in the Communion Service, and the Order for the Visitation of the Sick. Indeed the only difference between the Churches of Rome and England on this subject, appears to be, that while the Church of Rome regards Confession as *necessary*, and therefore *enforces* it on all her members, the Church of England looks upon it as *advantageous and desirable*, and is content with *encouraging* it.

most important; and I am anxious to lose no fit opportunity of inviting attention to it, to the best of my ability.

The next place we visited, after leaving the Church of the Estrella,—which, by the way, I ought to have said, is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,—was the Convent of St. Vincent, formerly a very wealthy foundation of the Augustinians, but at present the residence of the Patriarch. The cloisters are very extensive. As we passed through them, we noticed a strong smell of beef-steaks and onions, which, as it was a fast day, the Vigil of the Ascension, we thought somewhat remarkable, though it may perhaps be explained by the license afforded by the Bulla da Crusada. The interior of the church, which is built in the Grecian style, is plain. It was originally founded by D. Affonso Henriques, to receive the remains of the martyr whose name it bears, on the spot where that monarch encamped his army, when he laid siege to the town: but the present edifice was built by D. Philip I, towards the close of the sixteenth century. The high altar is adorned with twelve silver images of the Apostles; and behind it is the organ—an arrangement which I do not remember to have ever seen before, in a Roman Catholic church. On the north side is a room which contains the coffins of all the sovereigns of the house of Bragança, except those of D. Affonso VI, who was buried at Belem; D. Maria I, whose remains, as the reader is aware, rest in the Church of the Estrella; and the late queen, D. Maria II, whose coffin is in a chapel on the south of the nave. The coffins are in the form of a trunk, with arched lid, and fastened by a lock and key. To each one is fixed

a silver plate, with an inscription recording the name, and the date of the birth and decease of its occupant. The first who was placed here was D. Joao IV, who died in 1656; the last the Princess Amelia, daughter of Dom Pedro, who died last year. I think it was her coffin that I noticed, tastefully adorned with white roses. There is an altar in the chapel, at which Mass is said on the fourth of every month, for the benefit of the souls of those whose remains lie here. The place is very narrow and crowded, but a new mausoleum is about to be erected, on the spot lately occupied by the refectory of the convent, to which, on its completion, all the coffins will be removed. It was, however, a solemn and affecting thing thus to stand in a sepulchre of princes—of those who, ere their departure, were all ‘in high places,’ some of whom, indeed, were taken away in old age, but others in the vigour of maturity, and others, again in early youth. The remembrance of it is surely calculated to remind us, even in our hours of mirth and enjoyment, when we have the comforts of this life most plentifully around us, of the uncertainty of our continuance here, and so to urge us to ‘prepare to meet our God.’

We brought our this day’s sight-seeing to a close by a visit to the Cathedral. There is some dispute amongst antiquarians respecting the origin of this structure; for whilst some affirm it to have been once a mosque, and consecrated as a Christian church when the city was taken from the Moors by D. Affonso Henriques, others maintain that it was entirely built by that monarch, from the foundation. It is but a small erection, and has suffered much at different times from lightning and

earthquakes : indeed part of it is now in ruins from the earthquake of 1755 : but it presents on the whole a venerable and imposing appearance, notwithstanding the bad taste, in which some of its repairs have been executed. Its pillars are massive, its roof has been cieled and rendered circular, its cloisters are large and gothic. In a recess of one of these are kept two crows, the successors some say, the descendants of those which are said in the year 1139, to have steered into the port of Lisbon the vessel which conveyed the relics of S. Vincent, a martyr in the persecution of Dioclesian, when compass, rudder, mast, and all had been lost. Mr. Beckford says that at the time of his visit, they were believed by half Lisbon to be the identical crows that performed this wonderful feat, whilst the other half prudently concealed their scepticism.* No such representation however was made to us, though I was told it used to be so stated by their former keeper. The birds looked very plump and glossy, but I did not perceive that they differed from the generality of their species. They are usually termed 'the *holy* crows'

We observed in a retired part of the Cathedral a dead child laid on a table, which had probably been left there by its parents, that it might be taken away and covered with quick-lime. This is the common practice of those, who are unable or unwilling to bear the expense of a funeral. Indeed the bodies of poor persons are often buried in coffins without lids, nay, sometimes put into a trench without any coffin at all, even despoiled of the scanty covering in which they have been brought to be interred, and there consumed with quick-lime.

* Italy, &c., vol. ii, p. 203, note.

The first Bishop of this Cathedral was Gilbert, an Englishman. From one of its towers in 1384, a successor of his, Dom Martinho, a Spaniard, who, on the occasion of a political disturbance, had gone up to ring the alarm-bell, was precipitated by the populace, and his remains were suffered to be devoured by dogs. Dom João V, in the early part of the eighteenth century, in consequence of the inconvenience and delay occasioned by appeals to Rome, and the necessity of obtaining dispensations from the Holy See, contemplated renouncing the papal supremacy altogether. To prevent this, the Pope made the Archbishop of Lisbon a Patriarch, and furnished him with authority in certain matters, which could previously have been settled only by himself. The Patriarch is usually a Cardinal, and even when he is not, he has the privilege of wearing a Cardinal's vestments and insignia. I have seen it stated that he even wears the same dress as the Pope. The Chapter or Cathedral staff is modelled in some degree after the pattern of that of St. Peter's, at Rome. Before we left the Cathedral vespers commenced—I concluded, in consequence of to-morrow being Ascension-day. The cantors in scarlet cassocks and short albs, were in an organ gallery, at the south of the Choir: the instrumental performers, in plain clothes, were in another, opposite to it. The Canons, in surplices and capes, were in their stalls below; and six other Ecclesiastics of still higher Cathedral rank—Principals I believe they are called, and answer to the Cardinals—in white copes, who entered in procession, were seated in a row with their faces towards the high altar. I know nothing of music, so

could not judge of the musical character of the service, but a gentleman who was with me did not speak of it highly. My fellow-traveller attended High Mass here on the following day, which, he told me, was of much the same description as that we heard at Oporto. In the morning, many of the shops were open; but in the afternoon, they were closed almost universally. It would be well if such respect to the Church's festivals were shown amongst us.

I went to Cintra early in the morning by omnibus, with my kind conductor of yesterday and two of his friends, all Englishmen. I should have preferred spending this day in Lisbon, as being one of the chief festivals of the year, it would have enabled me both to attend Divine Service myself, and to see something of the religious habits of the Portuguese capital; but as the omnibus only went and returned on alternate days, this was my sole opportunity of seeing Cintra, with Byron's description of which in *Childe Harold*, I had been familiar from early boyhood. The road from Lisbon is very good, but there is nothing particularly interesting in the country through which one passes. In the village of Bemfica we went by the residence of the Count de Farroba, which is considered the most splendid nobleman's residence in Portugal. The ground in front was very tastefully laid out with turf, flowers, and shrubs, but we could not see much of the house. We also came in view of the palace of Queluz, which stands some distance from the road, and has been a favourite residence of some of the Portuguese sovereigns. Here Dom Pedro breathed his last. As we got towards the

end of our journey, we passed near another royal habitation, the palace of Ramalhão; but it has been for some years unoccupied and unfurnished. The first view of Cintra, as it is entered in this direction, is wild and rugged, consisting principally of a succession of rocky peaks, rising to an immense elevation in naked barrenness. When, however, it is fairly reached, there are other features added to the scene, which quite change its character. Below these rocks, which seem to have been formed by some natural convulsion, is a mountain height covered with all kinds and degrees of verdure, sloping down into a valley of the sweetest luxuriance. 'The village itself stands half-way up,—nestled as it were in the bosom of the hill,—amidst groves of pine and cork, orange and lemon trees, with a profusion of geraniums and evergreens of all kinds.'* 'It contains,' says Lord Byron, 'beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices, convents and stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus.It unites in itself all the wildness of the western Highlands, with the verdure of the south of France.'† All this is true, and yet I must confess, the scenery of Cintra somewhat disappointed me. This perhaps arose from the extravagant ideas I had conceived of it at a very early age, which, it may be, no scenery would have been able fully to satisfy: and again, from my having beheld views and objects during my present tour, with which what I gazed on here, beautiful as it was, would

* Diary of an Invalid, p. 15.

† Life and Works, vol. i, p. 280.

yet not stand a comparison. However it was well worth visiting, and I am very glad that I visited it. Perhaps the words of Mr. Southey convey as accurate a description of it as can be given—‘It is,’ says he, ‘more beautiful than sublime, more grotesque than beautiful.’*

We arrived at the end of our journey about ten o’clock, and took up our quarters at Durand’s Hotel, where we were made very comfortable, at a moderate expense. After breakfast we walked to the palace of the Marquis Marialva, said to have been the place where the Convention of Cintra was signed, though in reality it had no connexion with it, as the Convention was arranged, settled, and signed, thirty miles off. It is a large, good looking mansion, with an open space before it of some extent, much frequented on summer evenings as a promenade. We next mounted our mules and rode to Montserrat, where Mr. Beckford,

‘England’s wealthiest son,

Once formed his paradise.’

The situation is very beautiful, on the brow of an eminence projecting from the serra, and commanding in every direction views of the most lovely character. The house, however—a Grecian villa, in the construction and decoration of which, there had been no lack of either taste or expenditure—is now in ruins, ‘as if a thing unblest by man.’

‘Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide ;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time’s ungentle tide !’

* Letters, &c., p. 510.

There is in fact an air of desolation about the whole scene, house and grounds together, the more remarkable and melancholy from its modern character. We are, in some degree, reconciled to Time having done his work on an ancient edifice, but to see a building, so to speak, of yesterday in ruins, is contrary to our expectations, and has in it something peculiarly saddening. We next proceeded through the valley of Collares, watered by natural streams, and abounding in orange groves and orchards, and thus affording a delightful contrast to the mountain that rises above it,—to the far-famed rock of Lisbon, the most westerly point of the European continent. This is a most remarkable spot. Some distance from the edge of the precipice, which rises perpendicularly out of the ocean to a height of about three hundred feet, we looked down a hole and could see the sea and hear its roar, which by continually chafing against the rock, had worked itself a way beneath the spot where we were standing. We advanced to the edge. The view of the ocean, bright and blue, and of the romantic coast consisting of bold projections, intermingled with sharp and lofty rocks, was truly sublime. It was almost fearful to look below; but what will the reader think, when he is told that down and up this rock ran several men and boys, (who, with a number more, had followed us from a neighbouring village,) without any support but what nature had afforded them, for the mere purpose of exhibiting their skill, and obtaining a small sum in return? The breeze which is constantly blowing from the sea, must, I imagine, serve in some degree to keep them up; but still the slightest slip on their part, or any

want of firmness in the rock where they happened to tread, could hardly fail of being attended with instant destruction. It really filled us with horror to gaze upon them; and yet it would have been impossible to prevent them from thus endangering themselves. The guide of our party, my yesterday's lionizer, told us that he once accompanied two of his friends to this spot, strangers, who requested him not to permit any of the people to run this fearful risk. He accordingly told them that he had been directed by his friends to promise them two crusados, on condition that they kept away from the rock, but that if they went down, they should not have a single vintem. All however was to no purpose. Down they would go; and when they came up, because the visitors were as good as their word, they set to and pelted them. This exploit, which they are so fond of exhibiting, has apparently been handed down from generation to generation. Beckford gives a description of its performance when he was here, nearly seventy years ago.

When we had reached Collares on our way back, we varied our route by returning to Cintra by the high road. We passed various mansions and quintas belonging to different members of the Portuguese nobility and gentry, into one of which we entered for the purpose of drinking of a mineral spring. The possessors of these places evidently take much delight in their gardens, and pay great attention to the raising of plants and flowers; of which the more choice ones are distinguished, as in English nurseries, by labels bearing their names. The water of Cintra is noted for its excellence and frigidity. It flows down from the mountains in numberless rills,

which are never known to fail even in the driest season. The climate, again, is most refreshing and delicious. Along these mountain heights, with the sea so near, there is no want of exhilarating breezes even in the most sultry time. In the summer season it must be a residence perfectly luxurious. The people of Lisbon are happy in having such a spot so near, nor is it to be wondered that they so generally avail themselves of it. Rents, too, here are very low. A palace built for one of the royal dukes was pointed out to me, which was offered to be let for twenty-five pounds a year; whilst for a family in private life, a convenient house might be procured at the rate of seven or eight pounds. I ought to have said that the road along which we passed, was as good as could be desired. It was formerly far otherwise, but had been recently repaired, and if I rightly remember, was much indebted for its improvement to the aid and influence of the Pope's Nuncio. He was spoken of as a man of much public spirit, always ready and anxious to coöperate in measures conducive to the general good.

We reached our hotel between five and six o'clock, and closed the day with a sociable and pleasant dinner. We retired to rest early, and assembled again in good time on the morrow, when immediately after breakfast we bent our steps to the royal palace. This is a large irregular building, of Moorish origin, as is evident from its architecture and construction, but with many additions from successive Portuguese Sovereigns. I went over it with great interest, having never before seen a building of similar character. The windows, on the exterior, were surrounded with arabesque ornaments.

One of the rooms, with (I think) a marble floor, contained in its centre a circular reservoir, filled with water, around which, it was said, its first inhabitants used to luxuriate in the heat of the day. There are also fountains and jets d'eau to be met with in other parts, one of which, in a court adjoining the bath-room, is sometimes employed to besprinkle visitors unawares. All these bring to mind the founders of the palace: but it is also rich in historical reminiscences of a later date. Thus one room is pointed out, in which the unfortunate Sebastian held his last audience and the chair in which he sat, before he set out on his unhappy expedition into Africa, from which he never returned. Another, with a handsome tiled floor, part of which is worn by the footsteps of D. Affonso VI, who was here kept prisoner for the last fifteen years of his life, after he had been most deservedly compelled to abdicate the throne. Another, the roof of which is adorned with the royal arms of Portugal, the escutcheons of the sons and daughters of D. Manoel, and those of the Portuguese nobility, of which, however, two have been removed—those of the families of Aveiro and Tavora, from their having been suspected of being concerned in the attempt on the life of D. José in 1758. To this apartment, which is now used as a billiard-room, there is a magnificent marble door-way of Moorish architecture; and from its windows, with the aid of a glass, we had a very good view of the palace of Mafra. Interesting, however, as this palace is, yet considered as a royal residence, it is very deficient. The bed-rooms are very small; the furniture is shabby and scanty; even the private apartments of the late Queen though comfortable,

were but little more. We were however much struck with the vast dimensions of a mahogany bed which she used to occupy. Two young English midshipmen, whose ship was lying in the Tagus, opposite Lisbon, once came to Cintra, climbed up into the palace, threw down a cross, and danced on this bed. For this outrageous conduct they were on the point of being sent back to England, and dismissed the service; but at her Majesty's especial request, this was not carried into effect. They were however very deservedly confined to the ship, and no more allowed to come on shore, whilst the vessel remained at Lisbon. I mention this circumstance as a specimen of the Queen's forbearance and kindness of heart, which secured her the love, and alas! the regret, of all her subjects. But to proceed with the palace—The architecture of the Chapel is of a *Christian* character, but the walls are whitewashed, the floor is of brick, and the windows are partly blocked up. There is a tribune for the royal family on the south side, near the high altar. Before we left, we went into the kitchen, but it contained nothing remarkable except two immense chimneys, shaped like Birmingham glass-houses, which form a conspicuous feature in the building when viewed on the outside.

Having here satisfied our curiosity, we mounted our mules to climb the heights, for which Cintra is so celebrated. First, however, we stopped at the quinta of the Marquis de Vianna, access to which is kindly permitted to the public. The house is a neat looking building, and the gardens are very pretty and extensive. We here saw a swan on a small piece of water, followed by a number of gold fish, with which he appeared to be on

the best of terms. We next ascended to the fountain of St. Euphemia, of which we drank, and then went on to the Chapel, at the back of which is an inscription, stating that she was the daughter of a heathen king of Braga—that her mother had eight sons at one birth, all of whom were put to death by him, A. D. 125, for having embraced Christianity—that through her intercession, wounds and diseases (particularly the itch) are cured by drinking of her fountain; and that this inscription is placed over the foot-print which she left, when she last appeared on earth, A. D. 1757. If we may judge from the mark, stated to be the impress of her foot, she would appear to have been a lady of no ordinary weight and dimensions. We next proceeded to the Pena Convent, which formerly belonged to the Jeromites of Belem, and stands on one of the highest peaks of the Serra. This is the ‘toppling convent’ celebrated by Lord Byron, wherewith ‘the horrid rocks are crowned.’ It has been purchased by the King Regent, who at much expense, and with great taste and judgment, is restoring it in the Moorish style, for a private palace. It was originally founded by D. Manoel, on the spot whence he was the first to descry the fleet of Vasco da Gama, for which he had so often watched, returning from its Indian expedition. ‘From this elevation,’ says Southey, ‘the eye stretches over a bare and melancholy country to Lisbon on the one side, and on the other to the distant Convent of Mafra, the Atlantic bounding the greater part of the prospect. I never beheld a view that so effectually checked the wish of wandering. Had I been born at Cintra, methinks no inducement could have tempted me to leave its delightful

springs and shades, and cross the dreary wilderness that insulates them.*

The King, in his restoration, is preserving, as much as possible, the monastic character of the building; but I fancy the grounds below must present a somewhat different aspect from what they were under their former proprietors. They are now laid out as tasteful and elegant gardens, wherein are cultivated the choicest fruits, the rarest and most beautiful flowers. We walked from these, having ordered our mules to meet us at a spot below, along a path which leads to the ruins of a Moorish castle, on the summit of the next elevation. This was the last place in Portugal from which the Moors were driven. There is now but little of it remaining. Just below is a stone quadrangular cistern, with a vaulted roof, which is supposed to have been a Moorish bath. A spring of the purest water rises within it, and keeps it constantly full. Still farther down are the ruins of a mosque, to which however we could not obtain admission, as the woman in charge was unable to produce the key. With a view of the different ruins on this peak we brought our morning's rambles to a close, and returned to our hotel; whence, early in the evening, we started back in the omnibus for Lisbon, where we arrived after a drive of about two hours. I was glad to rejoin the companion of my tour at the Braganza, and to give him an account of what I had seen since we parted.

We went the next morning to the National Library, where we found a very extensive collection of books, but

* Letters, &c., p. 511.

and treated me with as much kindness and cordiality as it was possible to show ; and we parted,—I am sure I can answer for myself, and I think for them,—with every good feeling towards each other. Before I left, however, they took me over the College—especially the library, a large room with a good collection of books—the lecture-room, students' apartments, which were plain but comfortable, the tables and shelves containing books, some of a devotional character and others relating to their peculiar studies—and the observatory at the top of the house, which commands a noble view of the city and river, the sea, and the adjoining country. This college contains thirty-three students, all intended for the priesthood,—a larger number than any other Continental establishment belonging to the English Roman Catholics. Ere I took my departure, the President presented me with 'the Lisbon Guide,' compiled under his superintendence, but for which he apologised as containing several errors : and I left with both him and the President of the Irish College, a copy of Bishop Cosin's Latin tract on the English Church, and a French tract on the Doctrine of the Sacraments as held by us. I ought to add that they all seemed fully sensible of the present inefficient condition of the Church in Portugal.

The next day was Sunday, May 28. The atmosphere of Lisbon is perfectly delicious. Looking across the Tagus from the balcony of the Braganza, I could not help thinking how far superior it was to the loveliest weather in our own land. The scenery on the opposite bank—houses, cliffs, hills, trees and fields—comes out with a clearness and distinctness, which in England is

never seen. This is a lovely city after all. Here too you meet in the streets, with people of evidently a better class than are to be found in other parts of the country; but this was to be expected from its being the capital.

We went to the Church of the English College, for High Mass, at ten o'clock, which was said both by the Celebrant and those who assisted, with much more reverence, devotion, order and solemnity, than we had yet heard in Portugal. We could not but ascribe this to the influence of our own Church, though I fear our friends of the College would not allow that it had any thing to do with it. But to what else are we to attribute it, that, in general, the places of worship in England belonging to the Roman Communion resemble more nearly those of our own Church, than they do those abroad? And how otherwise are we to explain the fact, that the same absence of images and other foreign peculiarities might be noticed in the church we were now in, as is to be observed in the churches of our own country? I must however confess, that notwithstanding the bareness and deficiencies of our own Eucharistic office, its celebration struck me as far more dignified, solemn, devotional and impressive, than that in which we were now joining.* The mutual bowings between the priest and the assistants, which, though rendered to him not in his own character, but in That Which he personates, are yet calculated to

* 'I shall never forget,' says Bishop Jebb in his primary charge, 'the testimony of a Roman Catholic foreigner, long habituated to the splendid ritual of her own Communion, as exhibited on the Continent, that the most awful and impressive ceremony she had ever witnessed, was the administration of the Lord's Supper, to about twelve communicants, by a single minister, in a plain, retired, Irish country church.' *Practical Theology*, vol. i, p. 376.

suggest the idea rather of a drawing-room introduction, than of any thing connected with Divine worship, and the other up and down motions, which occur so frequently, and are performed so rapidly, in even the best said Mass, are what I am very glad we are well rid of. It appeared to me, too, as sadly out of place that the congregation, assistants and priest should all *sit* at the *Gloria in excelsis*, and the Nicene Creed. There was no prayer for our own Sovereign. We thought this might be accounted for from the service being celebrated out of her dominions, although amongst a congregation of her subjects; but it was stated by one of the Counsel in the recent trial, *Boyle v. Cardinal Wiseman*, that this prayer has been recently discontinued even in England, by order of the Cardinal, because her Majesty is not a member of the Roman Communion. The sermon was preached from a verse in the Epistle of the day, 'Be *prudent* and watch unto prayer,' by a young priest who received ordination last Passion Sunday. He was attired in a surplice and white stole with gold embroidery, and before leaving the Sanctuary knelt down before the Celebrant and received his blessing—an observance which, besides being pious and significant, had a very good effect; or rather had a good effect *because* of its being so. When he had ascended the pulpit, he read both the Epistle and Gospel in English, according to the Douay version. The sermon was on the subject of prayer, and contained no doctrine peculiarly Roman—nothing, in fact, to which any member of our own Church could object; but there was an attempt at action in its delivery, which would have been better omitted, for in Englishmen action is

seldom natural. We could perceive that it was delivered *memoriter*, and were afterwards told that it had not only been written beforehand, but submitted to the President. All this may be very advantageous to a young priest still under theological instruction; but when a clergyman is entrusted with the care of a parish or congregation, if he cannot preach well extempore,—as, by the way, very few can,—he had surely much better *read* his sermons, than waste his time in getting them by heart. We heard, after Mass, a rather amusing instance of national jealousy on the subject of sermons. The French Oratorian, whom I saw yesterday, being a preacher of some celebrity, had been requested by some ladies to preach in behalf of a charity under their management. He consented and preached; whereupon a Portuguese priest in a neighbouring Church told his congregation that a sermon was that day delivered at the English College, for the benefit of a charity which might be all very good, but that they did not want Frenchmen to come to tell them how to do good works! This remark was the result of the vexation he felt at the ladies having selected a foreigner as the first advocate of their society, a proceeding which appeared to him a reflection on the abilities of the native clergy.

We were afterwards talking on the subject of the conventual property, when the President told us that a merchant of his acquaintance, after the suppression, bought a small quinta which had belonged to some religious community, after which nothing went well with him: he fell into difficulties, and at length, though living in Lisbon, drove one day to this quinta, and there

blew out his brains ! He mentioned also another person who had purchased some Church property, which used to answer very well, but he had never been able to make it do more than pay its bare expenses.—In short, he said, he could give a multitude of such instances, sufficient to supply matter for the work of a Portuguese Spelman. On the other hand a Spanish Jesuit, whom my fellow-traveller met with last year at Loyola, laughed to scorn the theory which such instances seem to us to establish, as a mere dictate of superstition, maintaining that when the Pope had authorized the transfer and sale of the property, there was no sacrilege in either buying, or keeping possession of it. This appears a genuine ultramontane notion.

From the English College we went in a boat, down the river, to see the Church at Belem, which formerly belonged to the Jeronimites ; but their Convent is now used as a Hospital for Foundlings. It was founded by D. Manoel, in 1499, as a thank-offering to God for the success and safe return of Vasco da Gama, on the very spot whence he set out on his memorable expedition. ‘A noble sight,’ it has been beautifully said, ‘must that have been, when the solemn procession of these Christian Argonauts set forth for the Church of Nossa Senhora de Belem, to implore the succour of God and the blessing of His Church, on their combat with unknown oceans : still nobler, perhaps, on the following day, when, accompanied by half the population of Lisbon, and preceded by a noble band of priests, and the triumphant banner of the Cross, they descended to the shore ; the spectators regarding them as doomed men, the actors themselves

fully aware of the fearful jeopardy to which they were to expose themselves. That was to part as a Christian armament should part.

'And so they proceeded on their long voyage. Now almost in despair, now almost in mutiny,—beating round Cape Bogador,—becalmed in southern latitudes, believing themselves in actual conflict with demons, and foiled by 'the Spirit of the Cape,' at length they heard the news of a certain India—they hailed the long-lost pole-star—they saw, on a bright Sunday morning, the lofty mountains of Calicut.*

The Church is very rich and striking, built in a style between the Moorsque and Norman, in which however the characteristics of the former seem to predominate. Over the portal is placed, looking towards the sea, the statue of D. Henrique, Duke of Viseu, the great forerunner of naval discovery; while on each side, above the doors, stand the Founder and his Queen. The nave and aisles are of the same height, the pillars are highly adorned and of remarkable lightness, the roof is of stone, and so is the west gallery. The windows in the nave and transepts, which were built by D. Manoel, are circular headed; those in the choir, which was erected by his son, D. João III, are square. The remains of both these Monarchs and their Queens, as well as those of the Cardinal-King Henrique, and D. Affonso VI, lie in this Church, which, after Batalha, and perhaps Thomar, is by far the most splendid and interesting of all I have seen in Portugal. The sacristy, which was formerly the laboratory of the Convent, is adorned with pictures

* Christian Remembrancer, vol. xi, p. 29.

illustrative of the life of St. Jerome. The cloisters, built in a style corresponding with the church, are very beautiful, but by no means equal to those of Batalha. The young foundlings were running about in them, and appeared cheerful and happy; but they were intended for the sober tread of grave and venerable monks, and not for the romps and games of noisy boys.

Just below the Church is the Castle of Belem, which has simply the appearance of a handsome tower. It was built by D. Manoel towards the close of his reign, in the same style as the Convent and Church, and stood originally on a rock in the midst of the river; but a natural deposit of sand has since then connected it on the north side with the shore. We looked at it with some interest, as it is now the place where quarantine is performed. The account we received from some gentlemen at the hotel, who had been immured within its walls, made us feel doubly thankful that we had escaped the incarceration.

The young King of Portugal sailed this morning for England. The vote of the Cortes allowing him to go was unanimous, with the exception of the Marquis de Ponte de Lima, who opposed his departure on the ground that he would be so much delighted with foreign countries, as on his return to be dissatisfied with his own. This Marquis, it is said, gets his living by letting out carriages for hire; but, to compensate for this lowering of his dignity, unlike most of the Portuguese nobility he is out of debt! A gentleman told me that he lately gave sixpence to a Count to enable him to procure breakfast; and another, that he not long ago gav

twelve vintems, something more than a shilling, to a nephew of the Duke of Saldanha, Prime Minister and Commander in Chief, who came round to him with a begging letter. It is now in agitation to put an end to the entail of the estates of the nobility, and so to allow of their being sold. If this measure is carried, it will certainly be the ruin of their order; but when people have become unable to support their rank, there seems no injustice in depriving them of it. I was sorry to hear that the credit of the Government was but indifferent. A merchant, with whom I am acquainted, was on one occasion applied to to supply them with some articles of commerce, but declined. Upon this he was assured he should be paid; to which he replied that he doubted not he should, if the then Government continued in office, but of this there was no certainty, and it had become so notoriously the practice of Portuguese governments to repudiate the debts of their predecessors, that he was not inclined to run the risk. I should fear that such want of principle in those who have the guidance of the nation, besides producing many other evils, must have a very demoralizing influence on the people at large. I had not the opportunity of seeing much of their domestic character, but was told that the seclusion, in which, until lately, the Portuguese females were accustomed to be brought up, had the effect of making them ready, at an early age, for any intrigue. Latterly, however, there has been an improvement in this respect. May it only continue!

Early the next morning we went on board the Madrid, and sailed at eight o'clock. I was glad the last days of

my stay in Portugal had been spent in Lisbon ; for they formed, if not the most exciting, yet certainly the most comfortable part of my visit, and thus caused me to leave the country with more pleasant impressions than would have accompanied my departure from any other place. It is not likely that I shall ever tread its shores again : but I shall always feel an interest in whatever concerns it—shall rejoice in its welfare, and sorrow over its troubles. May its youthful Sovereign be long spared to prove himself the father of his people, and to set them an example of every virtue ! May its government be firm and vigorous, the preservers of public liberty, and at the same time the impartial maintainers of law and order ! May its nobles be all men of public spirit, high principle, and intelligence ; and may its people be virtuous, industrious, and contented ! Above all may its Church fulfil with zeal and diligence her high mission of training up all ranks in the ways of holiness, as citizens of a heavenly kingdom : may she cast from her whatever in doctrine or discipline will not stand the test of Catholic Antiquity, and prove herself, within her own sphere, in very deed ‘the pillar and ground of the Truth’ !

Our voyage on the whole was very favourable ; but I had not much enjoyment of it, as I was obliged, ere we were well out of the Tagus, to take to my berth, and there remain the greater part of the way. Our approach to Vigo was attended with a little excitement. It is a regulation that the letter-bags shall not be received from the packets after sun-set : some time before we got in, it became a question whether we should reach the port

in time to deliver them ; as if not, our course would be delayed till the following morning. This would have been to many a severe disappointment. We were therefore, for a little time, in great anxiety and suspense ; but at length we arrived, within a few minutes of the limit, delivered the bags, and whatever else had to be there put ashore, and in about two hours had sailed out of its lovely bay, and were again on the wide Atlantic. This is the only incident I recollect which interfered with our maritime monotony. We landed at Southampton on Saturday at mid-day, right glad and thankful to be once more on terra firma and in our own country. We got clear from the Custom House sooner than we expected, and at three o'clock started in the train for Basingstoke, which we reached ere long. Here we separated, my friend for East Grinstead, I for Birmingham. The morning had been cloudy ; but about noon it cleared up, and the remainder of the day was bright and lovely. I had been latterly among scenery of so different a description, that the smiling fields and pastures of old England, as we were whirled along among them, in addition to their other attractions, seemed really invested with the charm of novelty, and I gazed upon them almost as if I had never seen them before. I know not whether this is a common feeling on returning from a foreign country, but it was certainly experienced by me. By eight o'clock I arrived at Birmingham, and in a quarter of an hour reached my own door. Oh, how it heightened the joys of Whitsuntide, on awaking the following morning to find myself AT HOME !

APPENDIX.

While the last sheet of this little volume is passing through the press, I have been furnished with a translation of the Latin verses on page 98, which, for the benefit of the English reader, I here subjoin.

Who knoweth not the dirtiness of Lusitania's nation?
Say, what can e'er improvement bring, except an inundation?
Vile insects fill the houses all, worse swarm in every bed:
An you desire your skin to save, by my advice be led.

Of camphorated alcohol take, ere you sleep, a phial;
With it bedew the bed-clothes well—you'll find it worth a trial:
But hope not, weary one, for rest:—the mules prohibit sleeping;
Their bits some champ, their feet some stamp, their nightly revels
keeping.

Nor stamps, nor rattling bits, alone disturb the traveller's rest,
For odours through the chinks arise—a still more grievous pest.
An angel once, Tobias tells, for him expell'd a devil,
But noisy bells and nasty smells now fright the Prince of evil.

When to your chamber you retire, the town turns out to see;
The host and hostess, friends and all, invade your privacy.
For him who visits Portugal, what grievances are waiting!
How he'll perspire, and vent his ire in vehement execrating!

How thirst will agonize his throat, throughout the live-long day,
That parch'd has grown, with passing on along the toilsome way!
When nought he finds for bed but straw, for dinner coarsest
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Oh, may he consolation find in that blest virtue—patience!

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